

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MAY 18, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

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THE \$74,000 BOY WHO 'FAILED'

by Mark Harris

KINGS OF THE CLASS-BOAT SAILORS

by Carleton Mitchell

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

THE LATEST NEWS AND PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM THE WORLD OF SPORTS



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Cover: The Mathurba brothers ▶

About the only people fish and this Mosbacher have never defeated in cup races are each other. For what's behind the success of the country's two top sailors, see page 32.

Photograph © by Philippe Halmon

Next week



▶ A preview of this nation's foremost automobile race, the \$390,000 Indianapolis "500," which begins in on Memorial Day for the 43rd time. With a closeup of a leading team,

▶ Vaulter Don Beaz, just back from Africa, wants to play Tarzan in the movies. En route to that ambition, he has vaulted higher than any man ever. Next week, history

▶ Gerald Holland, the man who brought the image abroad to old Ireland, investigates sports in Israel and finds that baseball—and, begonia! hurling—are around the corner.

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COMING EVENTS

May 15 to May 21*

All times E D T

* Color television • Teletext • Network radio

Friday, May 15

AUTO RACING

Natl. STCA Virginia Road rally, Arlington, Va. (also May 16)

GOLF

Walker Cup Matches, Moorfield, Scotland (also May 16)

EGGBO

The Elks Holdem, \$6,500, Las Vegas, Nev. (through May 17)

SHOOTING

Great Western Shoot Open, Chicago (through May 17)

TRUCK & FIELD

Colson's Rally, Los Angeles
Big Boys Conference, Chicago, Norman, Okla. (also May 16)

Saturday, May 16

AUTO RACING

Indians' 500* qualifying trials, Indianapolis (also May 17, 18 & 19)

Natl. STCA Road Circuit race, Cumberland, Md. (also May 17)

BASKETBALL

Cleveland at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)

Chicago at New York, 1:05 p.m. (ABC)

Kansas City at Washington, 1:05 p.m. (Mutual)

BOXING

Los Angeles to Newport Harbor, Calif. (Overseas)

Mobile Atlantic Intercollegiate Sailing Assn. Champs., Kings Point, N.Y. (also May 17)

EGGBO

Eastern Assn. champs., Princeton, N.J.

Eastern Assn. 190-lb. champs., Cambridge, Mass.

HORSE RACING

The Preakness, \$150,000, Preakness, Md., 5:30 p.m. (CBS)

The Monrovia Stakes, 10:40 p.m. (NBC)

The Arona, \$50,000, Belmont Park, N.Y., Los Angeles Handicap, \$50,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

HUNT RACING

Best Two-Ten Hunting Club, Modesto, Pa.

LACROSSE

John Hooding at Maryland

Dartmouth at Princeton

Army at Syracuse

Yale at Harvard

Holy Cross at New Hampshire

Penn State at Rutgers

TRUCK & FIELD

Highland Champs., New Haven, Conn.

Sunday, May 17

AUTO RACING

NASCAR Grand Natl. Division race, \$7,000, Talladega, Ala.

BASKETBALL

Chicago at Washington, 11:45 p.m. (CBS)

Detroit at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)

Pittsburgh at Chicago, 2 p.m. (Mutual)

GOLF

Arlington Hotel Open, \$20,000, final day, Hot Springs, Ark.

WELKING

Natl. 150-lb. champ., Los Angeles.

Monday, May 18

BASKETBALL

Detroit at Boston, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual)

BOXING

Jones vs. Gumbra, middle, 10 rds., Dallas.

Tuesday, May 19

BASKETBALL

Philadelphia at Chicago, 2:00 p.m. (Mutual)

HORSE SHOW

Chickadee City, Okla. Charity Show (through May 21)

Wednesday, May 20

BASKETBALL

Detroit at New York, 1:00 p.m. (Mutual)

BOXING

Mathews vs. Vargas, bantam, 10 rds., San Francisco, 10 p.m. (ABC)

HORSE RACING

Carroll Handicap, \$50,000, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Thursday, May 21

GOLF

Memphis Open, \$25,000, Memphis (through May 21)



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Jimmy Jemal's **HOTBOX**

THE QUESTION: Are you in favor of expanding to two 10-team leagues? (Answers by club presidents)



DAN TOPPING
Co-owner
New York Yankees

No, I'm not in favor of expansion from eight to 10 teams in either the American or National League. It would merely add that many more lower-division clubs. I favor expansion through a third league, and I think that will come eventually.



TOM YAWKEY
President
Boston Red Sox

No. I had a dream once that the Red Sox finished ninth. That finished the expansion period for me—too many clubs with resulting low attendances. I would favor instead another eight-team league in spite of all the problems involved.



WALTER O'MALLEY
President
Los Angeles Dodgers

I always have been in favor of expansion. I think it will come when suitable ball parks are built. New York should have a team in the National League, but where is the money to come from? Remember, I offered to build a park.



AUGUST BUSCH JR.
President
St. Louis Cardinals

Expansion to two 10-team leagues would be logical. It would then be possible to expand into 12-team leagues and then into a third league. This would give us expansion in eight new cities on a gradual basis without too much disruption.



BILL VEECK
Majority stockholder
Chicago White Sox

Yes, because there are large cities which have reached major league status and they should be represented. Momentarily, the caliber of play might go down but the fans wouldn't notice the difference and we'd still have good competition.



PHIL WHIGLEY
President
Chicago Cubs

I favor expansion to keep up with the country's growth. I don't know whether the answer is 10 teams or more or a third league. We have two committees to study the question. That's unusual. We seldom study anything in baseball.

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MEMO from the publisher

A TREE grows near Tel Aviv, in ground until recently barren. It's a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** tree, which Associate Editor Gerald Holland planted only weeks ago. If it grows as it ought to grow, it will symbolize what's happening to sport in Israel.

Exactly what is happening Holland tells in next week's issue, and how he comes to tell it is a story in itself. You may recall that more than two years ago Holland accompanied Ron Delany to Ireland to observe how his countrymen welcomed their Olympic champion home (SI, Jan. 21, 1957). Like many an Irish story, this one led to another.

It came six months later when Bernard McDonough, a shovel manufacturer of Parkersburg, West Virginia, inspired to some reflections on the Auld Sod by the account of Delany's reception, invited Holland to return with him for a visit. McDonough had in mind the construction of a shovel factory in Ireland. What Ireland got instead (SI, July 29, 1957) was a big boost to the completion of its first center track—the one on which Herb Elliott set the world's record for the mile (Aug. 18, 1958). Irish Sports Promoter Billy Morton wrote Holland: "Your readers can take good credit for all they have done for us."

Fitting as this climax might seem, it was no end to the story—for Holland or **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. Last winter a friend suggested that as Holland had already been to Ireland, he might well look now at sports in Israel. Although he failed to follow the logic of this sequence clearly at



PLANTER Holland with Baruch Bagg, Colonel Henshel, Chaim Givinsky.

the time, Holland was far from saying no to such an interesting prospect.

Shortly, he was winging his way to the small 11-year-old country, at the far end of the Mediterranean. What he found there made everything much clearer: from Prime Minister Ben-Gurion on down, Israel is a country ready, willing and not waiting for sports. While it needs more sports facilities, one that it already has is the Wingate Institute for Physical Education, named for British General Orde Wingate and established to train athletic coaches and instructors. Here, according to the institute's young custom, Holland planted our tree, with guidance from three of the many men now active in promoting sports in Israel.

The rest of the story is Holland's to tell next week. Like one in Ireland before, it might easily lead to another.

Arthur Murphy

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

TRACK & FIELD—American sprinters were busy beating their speed for all to see, especially the Russians who will be home in July. At Moscow, Texas, sprinter-legs of Bill Woodhouse, emerging definitively from behind shadow of celebrated ex-beanman Bobby Morrow, got off to spurring start and barreled through 100 in 9.3 to tie world record. San Jose State's Ray Sutton (no right arm) did it under clanking in West Coast Relays at Fresno, Calif., where High jumper **Charlie Demme**, first American to clear 7 feet, did it again, and **Stefan Louis**, **triple-jumper** 11.80, freshman who has been taking pointers at Parry O'Brien's world-champion record, watched Bill Norder punch iron ball 82 feet 3 inches, grungily muddled along with more 60- and 61-foot efforts until his last try, when he punted one 82 feet 3 1/2 inches.

LACROSSE—Winning streaks halted abruptly for Army and Johns Hopkins, and Maryland emerged as No. 3 contender for national college title. Unbeaten Terps, exchanging slash for dash and punch for punch with defending champion Army, brought Carleton up short 17-16 for first time in 13 games (see below at College Park). Johns Hopkins, with two-year string of 25 straight, suddenly found even All-American Bill Merrill, who had scored 37 goals in



A STICK IN TIME SAVES GOAL FOR TERPS

seven games, limited in by stick vs. Navy defense and lost 13-11 at Baltimore.

BOATING—Yale and Harvard paroled away two more trophies and men of bow and Saturday's western-spirited championship: Princeton with oars poised and fingers crossed. The steady-striking Elis whipped Cornell and Princeton to retain Carnegie Cup at Derby, Conn., while Harvard, maneuvering efficiently in face of Severn River flood tide, beat Penn and host Navy for Adams Cup. In West, Washington was downright unstoppable to California's retiring Curti Ry Elbright and thrashed his Bears by nearly three lengths over choppy 2 1/2-mile course on Seattle's Lake Washington.

BOXING—Sugar Ray Robinson, stripped of his middleweight title by NBA, took off verbally in all-directions, charged NBA was "influenced by HBC." Said Sugar Ray angrily: "They've dealt me a foul blow. I can't fight Jim Norris and politics."

Promoter Bill Kassebaum announced he home TV for Patterson-Johannson fight theater TV, radio and movie rights have been sold to TeleProm-Tex for \$300,000.

faces in the crowd . . .



CHRISTINE BESELLE, young Canadian beauty who won her a relative's Maryland State, displayed her best form at Kent, Ohio, scoring 70.95 points to edge Muriel Davis for her third AAA gymnastics title.

JOHNSTON RAY, once described as "the Edgely little pilot from Houston," mailed his *Sales* home first in two races, piled up 18 1/2 points to finish ahead of brother Albert for Edwards of Stater's Week Cup at Bermuda.



JOHN TERPS is a Texas sweet left-hander with a knack for hitting golf balls. Daughter of pros, Judy set women's southern field at Birmingham on ear with qualifying 65, went on to beat veteran Polly Ruley 2 and 1 for title.

FRANKIE HILSON, who works for State Department, did plenty of darken rattle in national tournament at Baltimore winning all events, tied with 1,180 and tying Richmond's Don Criffin for singles crown with 432.



RAY NORTON, lanky San Jose State sprinter whose stride measures 6 feet 9 inches, put one giant step after another to tie world record of 9.3 for 100 came back to overtake Bobby Morrow in 9.4 at Fresno, Calif.

SEWARD DANNER of Indianapolis, is proud owner of Ashburn, 16-year-old gelding schooled with rack to win Iroquois Steeplechase, named for first American-born horse to win Epsom Derby at Nashville.



PAUL MCDANIEL, host of Greenville, Texas, steadily, has college marches, drizzling after he won 100 in 9.7, 220 in 21.1 and 100-yard low hurdles in 18.7, scored 30 of team's 34 points in State meet at Austin.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The Cincinnati Reds showed that they will have to be reckoned with in this year's typically hodgepodge National League race. Tremendous power hitting had been carrying the team, but that may not be enough, as the Reds sadly found out in 1956. However, when Don Newcombe, Brooks Lawrence and Bob Purkey all pitched complete-game victories last week it looked as if the much maligned pitching staff might be ready to carry its share of the load. The Milwaukee Braves found out that the road to the pennant this season won't be over the dead body of the Reds (whom they beat 35 times in 44 games the past two seasons). They lost their fourth in a row to the suddenly uncooperative Cincinnatians. Manager Fred Haney's gamble that maximum use of his two big pitching aces early in the season would be too much for the other teams to overcome backfired when Spahn and Burdette lost three games between them. The Los Angeles Dodgers, whose inability to beat the Giants last season (6 wins, 16 losses) dumped them into a seventh-place finish, are staying in this year's pennant race just because they can beat the San Francisco Giants (five wins in seven games). It hasn't been easy, though. Four of the Dodgers' wins were by one run, the other by two. The San Francisco Giants continued to bedevil everyone with their inconsistent play—especially Manager Rigney (two steel chairs in his office were knocked over and a stand-up subway broken into two pieces after a losing game in which Willie Mays ruined a rally by popping up on an intentional-walk pitch). A surprising bright spot is the pitching staff, which has the lowest ERA in the league. The Chicago Cubs finally got complete games

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STARS OF THE SEASON

	American League	National League
THE BEST PITCHERS		
Games with Complete games	2 with 4-0	Burdette: Min 5-1
Wins per game	Shelton: Cal 4	Burdette: Min 5
ERA per game	Spahn: NY 5.53	Gammon: Phil 6.52
Strike outs per game	Ortiz: NY 9.36	Parker: Cal 8.26
	Spahn: Cal 10.53	Doyle: LA 1.66
	Shaw: Cal 13.1	Andrews: Cal 2.25
THE BEST HITTERS		
Percentage	Rennie: Det 430	Aspin: Min 486
Home runs	Rubens: Wash 30	Mathews: Min 10
Slugging	(1 set 5 AB)	Rennie: Min 10
Extra base hits	Loren: Wash 43	Mathews: Min 24
Runs scored	Rubens: Wash 24	
THE BEST PERFORMANCE PER GAME		
Most runs	Cleveland 5.86	Cleveland 6.35
Fewest runs	Cleveland 2.27	San Francisco 4.27
Most hits	Detroit 9.25	Minneapolis 10.55
Fewest errors	Cleveland 6.64	San Francisco 8.46
Most RBIs	Washington 1.32	San Francisco 1.43
Fewest errors	Cleveland 6.75	Pittsburgh 6.82

out of their pitching staff after 12 straight starters failed to finish. Young Glen Hobbie pitched a six-hitter, and veteran Dave Hillman tossed a masterful two-hit shut-out. ("My slip pitch was working real well but I made good use of a knuckle ball to set up a lot of the hitters.") Hillman learned the slip pitch—also called the palm ball—from Manager Scheffing, who picked it up from Baltimore Manager Paul Richards when the two played golf one day last winter. The single-hitting **Pittsburgh Pirates** still aren't getting many runs, last in the league, but they can look forward to at least a few more now that Bob Skinner has erupted from his disastrous slump (6 for 30 AB). When he went 4 for 4, including two homers, the Pirates scored nine runs, their highest in two weeks. Every spring the **Philadelphia Phillies** come up with someone who is going to take veteran Willie Jones's spot at third base. This year it was Goss Freese, and Jones started spring training with the B team. Well, old (33) Willie has been at third since the season started, is batting over .300, and is playing some of the best ball of his 13-year career. Freese? He's sitting on the bench when he isn't pinch hitting or pinch running. The **St. Louis Cardinals** won two games in a row for the first time this season when a .247 hitter named Stan Musial whacked his first two home runs of the year.

Standings: NL 16-5 LA 16-7 Co 14-11 SF 17-17 Co 14-14 PH 11-11 PH 11-11, 10-5-0.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **Cleveland Indians** put the brakes on Vic Power after his record unsuccessful attempt to steal home (earlier this season he had stolen home twice). Hereafter, Vic will go only when given the sign. Cal McLean coasted to his fourth straight win last week, and other less successful Indian pitchers began to borrow the heavy steel ball that Cal swings before warming up to stretch his arm and relieve stiffness. The opportunistic **Baltimore Orioles** kept on winning the close ones despite bad fielding (last in the league), weak hitting (next to last) and a mediocre pitching staff (4-11 ERA). The amazing **Washington Senators** lost four of last year's key men—Stievers, Courtney, Pearson and

continued



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TEAM LEADERS

	Batting	Runs	Pitching
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Clv. Pione	327	Colavito	7 Melick 4-0
Bal. Wooding	315	Tranter	6 Whelan 4-0
Wash. Lemon	276	Kellynew	10 Marston 4-0
Ch. Fox	261	Lofley	4 2 with 3-2
RC. Mays	136	2 with 3	Garnett 5-1
Bos. White	254	Johnson	7 Deback 3-1
NY. Steinman	325	Takeman	5 Lavin 3-0
Det. Karm	430	2 with 6	Lary 5-2
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Co. Pison	368	Robinson	7 Parker 4-2
Mil. Kaut	484	Mathews	10 Burdette 5-1
LA. Mays	378	Benjamin	7 Woodward 3-0
SP. Mays	373	Casper	6 2 with 4-2
Ch. Bruns	270	Banks	7 Henry 3-0
PH. Dwyer	361	Shaw	1 Fox 3-0
PH. Dwyer	342	Post	6 Neary 3-0
SFL. Graham	323	W. Smith	5 Alcott 2-0



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BASEBALL'S WEEK continued

Zaehin—plus two of this year's big pitchers—Fischer and Kemmerer—to injuries and sickness. But with a patched-up lineup bolstered by the daily herries of youngsters Bob Allison and Harrison Kilbreth, (three-homers apiece last week), the Senators knocked over three of baseball's best pitchers—Pierce, Wynn and Turley. The Chicago White Sox, blowing a grand opportunity to pile up some insurance while the Yankees were having their troubles, ran a losing streak to five before snapping out of their hitting and pitching doldrums. The team looked lethargic and made too many mental errors. Then the Sox began to hit, pitch and think once again and Chicago took three in a row from the Indians. The Boston Red Sox' bedraggled pitching staff finally showed some life: Bill Monbouquette and Frank Baumann both turned in strong relief wins and saved their jobs for the time being. Ex-Tiger Billy Hestl claimed he had a sore arm (Red Sox veterans countered that he had a sore head) but pitched well after a shaky first inning in his first start for Boston. The Kansas City Athletics suddenly found themselves on a six-game losing streak. To make matters worse, partly Catcher Frank House, off to his best major league start, was put out of commission twice within three days. Returning to action after a spike wound, House was taking his batting practice swings. He leaned forward to see Pitcher Bud Daley's knuckle ball better. "Just one more," said House a moment before he was beaten. The New York Yankees (yes, they're still in the league) didn't exactly crush anyone to death but did start to snap out of their unprecedented slump. Well, it couldn't last forever, but what fun for the American League while it was on. The Detroit Tigers (see page 16) looked like a different team as new Manager Jimmie Dykes ignored statistics, played hunches, let the batters swing away and won seven out of eight games. Dykes' only complaint after a week on the job: "I smoke 10 to 20 cigars a day, and that's expensive. But it's damned expensive here because I never saw ballplayers run out of cigars the way these fellows do. They loam 'em like cigarettes."

Standings: Clev 15-5 Chi 14-11 Balt 14-12 Wash 14-13, Ind 12-17 NY 12-13 KC 11-14 Det 9-16

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammate Batted In	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Killebrew, Wash (295)	24	13	37
Allison, Wash (207)	19	21	40
Pearce, Cle (137)	20	9	29
Jensen, Det (203)	18	11	29
Care, KC (202)	11	18	29
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Pierce, Cin (243)	22	19	41
Peterson, Cin (242)	19	23	42
Dworetz, LA (200)	19	29	48
Hudkins, Mil (215)	24	13	37
Asch, Phil (194)	28	14	42
Temple, Cin (215)	20	15	35

Baseball statistics through Saturday, May 9

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Confusion in the front office
and penny-pinching economies
have blighted Detroit's hopes for
the American League pennant

THE TIGER IS UNDERFED

by NICK THIMMESCH

FOR some years now a strange mirage has appeared each spring over Detroit's Briggs Stadium, an apparition of a sleek muscular Bengal Tiger fiercely promising its beholders the thrill of a captured American League pennant, or, at least, a roaring good hunt for it.

But come autumn, each year, the mirage has disappeared, leaving in its place a tired, toothless old beast, its stripes tattered, its teeth worn by defeat. No pennant has been dragged triumphantly home to Briggs Stadium. Worse, Detroit's feeble Tiger has not even come close to catching one.

Despite this sorry record of perennial failure, Detroiters crowd their way into Briggs Stadium year after

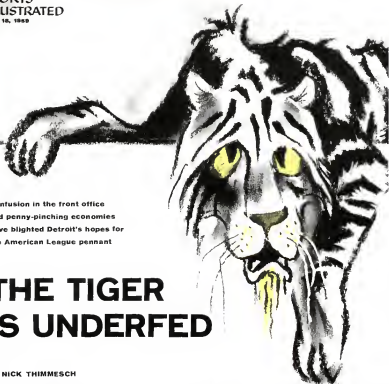
year in such numbers (12½ million in the last decade) and with such enthusiasm that Sam Greene, genial dean of Detroit sportswriters, calls them "uncomprehending loyalists." Their unreasoning faith has been sustained partly because Detroit has always been a pragmatic optimist, a city which declared it could arm the world, could get the job done, could make more cars than ever before. And their faith has been constantly fed and nurtured by expansive statements about the Tigers from the Detroit front office—and from rival baseball men, too, for that matter, and from sportswriters and other theoretically objective observers. This is a Detroit tradition. It was that way when Walter

O. Briggs owned the club, when his son Spike Briggs ran the organization after the old man's death and when the Tiger property was acquired in July 1956 by an 11-man syndicate.

"We want to bring Detroit a pennant as fast as we can!" cried Fred Knorr, then the leader of the syndicate. But the Tigers finished fifth in 1956. Manager Bucky Harris was fired, and a "take charge" guy, Jack Tighe, was put in his place.

"We'll finish second in 1957!" said Tighe, but the Tigers finished fourth.

"This is a pennant contender!" yowled Detroit in 1958, but the Tigers were eighth in June and Tighe was out. In came Bill Norman, the "minor league Casey Stengel." The





Tigers won six straight from the New York Yankees and shot up to second place, but then they sulked and finished fifth.

"This is a solid first-division club," insisted the experts in 1959, and the players themselves agreed. In an informal poll this spring they picked themselves to finish second. They did this with a quiet, professional confidence that was very impressive, so much so that when Associated Press Sportswriter Dave Diles (who contributed substantially to the preparation of this article) picked the Tigers to finish fourth in his preseason predictions he received an indignant phone call from the Tiger publicity man, Neal K. (Doc) Fennell.

"Dave, how could you pick us so low?" demanded Fennell.

"Doc, how could I pick you so high?" replied Diles. "Detroit hasn't won a pennant since 1945, it hasn't been in contention since 1950, it's been in the first division only once in the last eight years and then it squeaked in. I think I'm being radical in picking you as high as fourth."

AND THEN . . . DISASTER

Then the season was on, and the Tigers lost 15 of their first 17 games. A recession still afflicts Detroit, and the working-stiff fans who used to clamor for tickets to the ball park reacted to hard times and bad baseball. Attendance at Briggs Stadium fell off sharply. Advance sales were down.

The 15th defeat was more than the owners could bear. They fired Norman, and hired Jimmie Dykes. Dykes's Tigers promptly beat the

New York Yankees in both ends of a double-header before a huge Sunday crowd and went on to win seven games out of eight. Optimism welled up again—as it did during Norman's streak last year. But neither the winning surge, nor the big turnout to see Dykes's debut against the Yankees nor the optimism could hide the fact that the Tigers were in last place, that attendance continued to be off (only 9,783 came to a Sunday double-header a week later) and that there still was trouble in Detroit.

When adversity comes, men look for causes. Now the "uncomprehending loyalists" are asking dark questions about the operation of their Tiger organization. What is wrong?

The prospectus is encouraging: "I have never been identified with failures," thunders John E. Fetzer, chairman of the board, Detroit Baseball Company. "And I sure as hell won't start now. We're in this to make money and to win pennants. We've got a lot of executive talent, and I think we can build a player organization which can rival the Yankees."

Fine words, but the charge has been made and repeated that the Tiger front office has become a cheap operation. It is claimed that penny-pinching economy measures have hurt the vital player-replacement program—the scouting force and the minor league farm system—and that this is a prime reason for Detroit's difficulty.

Figures support the charge.

In 1957 there were 21 names on the scouting staff list. Under for-

mer General Manager John McHale, the number was increased in 1958 to 27. In 1959, however, the staff was reduced to 18 full-time scouts, and insiders say the list is padded and that only half a dozen "real" scouts work full time.

"We have more scouts than the Briggs people ever did," President Harvey Hansen argues. But, he admits, "There has been some little adjustment in dollar expenditures."

"They're cutting corners and hurting themselves," insists one Detroit scout. "They can talk budgets, but they've got us down to \$100,000 to sign ballplayers for the year. What can you do with that? Everybody is scared to sign anybody unless you are positive the boy will make it. You can't operate that way. You can't be that positive."

As for the farms, in 1957 there were eight teams in the Tiger minor league system. Aware of the training value of the minors for question-mark players, McHale and Rick Ferrell, then director of minor league personnel, added two farm clubs to the system in 1958. But this year the farm system was cut back to seven teams.

Detroit's minor league teams won four pennants in 1958, and yet they made small player contribution to the 1959 Tigers. Charleston, W. Va., the Tigers' top farm team, won its pennant with shopworn veterans like Wayne Terwilliger, Wilmer Shantz,

continued

Ron Samford, Milt Bolling, Art Houtteman and Jim Delsing.

Confronted with the accusation that the Detroit front office has shrunk its player-replacement program for the sake of economy, Hansen answers: "We spent twice as much on scouting and the minors in 1958 than the Briggs operation did in any year. We spent a total of \$950,000 last year for player replacement, which was \$81,000 more than we spent in 1957, and we'll spend \$12,000 more this year than in 1958. We're no cheap operation."



CHIEF SCOUT Ed Katalinas had 18 helpers and \$100,000.



VICE-PRESIDENT Jim Campbell arranged the date for a firing.



VICE-PRESIDENT Harry Shoon took a look at the rain clouds.



BOARD CHAIRMAN John Fetter came out against failure.

Hansen says of the organizational structure of the club: "We have the same kind of corporate charter that General Motors has. The game we put on the field is the same as a production department; our player-replacement system is the same as a sales force. But we must have economies. We don't believe in spending money on bonus babies the way some teams do. We're making changes in our recruiting and development system because we feel that in the past good talent has been lost due to inefficiency. We can do a better job with less size in the system and more quality. It's better to have fewer low-price players and more \$5,000-a-year players in the minors."

To some, this sounds like double-talk: the Tigers want quality players in the minors, but they don't intend to spend large sums of money for the bonus player, though the bonus player is the highest quality player available on the open market. But whatever the explanation—economy or efficiency—the working scouts and other personnel in the Detroit system

can blame them for what they have done. At the same time, however, the player-procurement program has undoubtedly suffered. They simply cannot afford to spend heavily right now for young players."

The syndicate's investment was actually \$5.5 million, \$2.3 million of which was paid in cash. The balance was financed through a \$2 million loan from the National Bank of Detroit and a \$1.3 million purchase money mortgage from the Briggs estate. The bank charges 5% interest, Briggs just under 4%. Briggs requires no principal payments for the first five years, or until 1961. The bank requires annual payments of \$400,000, plus interest which will average out to \$50,000 a year. In 1958 the owners paid \$400,000, plus \$100,000 interest, to the bank, and \$35,000 interest to Briggs. The bank loan is scheduled to be liquidated the fall of 1961, when principal payments will be started on the Briggs note.

"Our payment timetable is in perfect order," reports John Fetter.

To make sure they meet the time-

table and still are able to pay all operating expenses, the Tiger owners have put into effect some stringent economies. The number of ticket sellers has been cut nearly in half; the assistant public relations director left the payroll; the ballplayers are now limited to two towels a day; the free employee-lunch program is restricted. And some oldtime Tigers noticed that when a reunion party for the 1934 World Series team was held in Lakeland, Fla., during spring training, the presence of Mickey Cochrane, Hank Greenberg, Goose Goslin, Gee Walker, Schoolboy Rowe, Tommy Bridges and all the rest didn't impress the

1959 management to the point of providing free refreshments. What food and beverages there were came from the Lakeland Chamber of Commerce. Even quiet Charlie Gehringer, now a vice-president of the club, shook his head over this Tiger "economy."

Beyond "economy" there are other factors that have hurt the Tigers. One is the way in which Detroit players are overrated by their own management. A team that is fifth or thereabout year in and year out is fifth on merit, as the baseball saying has it, rather than because "something went wrong." And yet the Tigers, as consistent a team as baseball has ever seen (five fifth-place finishes, a fourth and a sixth in the last eight seasons), disappoint their management when they find their level.

The unwarranted optimism in the front office affects the team adversely in two ways. The players, who are a lot more sensitive than their acquired professional exterior would lead you to believe, are hurt by unfair criticism ("They're not trying, they're lazy, they're fat cats") and lose a

good deal of their confidence and incentive. The management, busy trying to convince itself and others that it has the best infield, outfield, bench and pitching staff in sight, fails to recognize and repair the team's deficiencies.

It could well be that the inflated evaluation of Tiger personnel and the indifferent and lackadaisical play that Tiger players are often charged with both stem in large part from the lack of centralized authority in the front office. Opinions come from all sides, and decisions are made—or not made—here, there and everywhere. Spike Briggs, who stayed on under

full-fledged general manager until shortly before the season opened. Ferrell is soft-spoken and nonassertive and, despite protests from the Tiger ownership, he has people wondering whether he has actually been given a general manager's authority.

Harry M. Sisson, the executive vice-president, has gone onto the field on days when the weather was uncertain and, with an eye to attendance, decided whether to play or not. When Bill Norman was fired, it was Jimmy Campbell, vice-president and business manager, who accompanied Ferrell to the clubhouse, walked up to Norman and said, "Bill, Rick has

a few more runs, and a little better pitching. "But the horses are there," says Jim. Frank Lane of Cleveland and Bill Veeck of Chicago agree, and thus at a time when Detroit was still a solid last-place club.

More significantly, the ownership group seems to be coming to the realization that while baseball may be a business it is a business like no other. It was under the "prudent man rule" that the legal counsel to the Briggs estate advised the Briggs heirs against keeping the ownership of the Tigers. It was not considered a sound investment, even though the Tigers had averaged a \$118,634 annual profit



VICE-PRESIDENT Fred Knorr had prayerful eyes on a pennant.



PRESIDENT Harvey Hansen admitted the pros knew how.



SPORTSWRITER Dave Dilettro told the Tigers to look at the facts.



GENERAL MANAGER Rick Ferrell found himself surrounded.

the new ownership for a time as general manager, left amid cries of "Who's the boss around here, anyhow?" ("We had been going around and around about organizational charts," Briggs says now, "and I maintained that the general manager should be informed on every important matter. Finally Fetzner said, 'Spike, you shouldn't get so worked up. Baseball is just showmanship, like putting on a TV program.' Well, that was it. If they were thinking that way, I knew it was time for me to get out. I told him it was all right in television to put Perry Como in there when Bing Crosby had a sore throat, but what were we going to do if Harvey Kuenn broke his leg?")

SPIKE, MAC, RICK

After Spike left, McHale was named general manager. He put in a hard-working 20 months and then departed for greener pastures at Milwaukee this past January. Rick Ferrell was named acting general manager on January 26, but the Tiger ownership did not publicly confirm him as the

something to tell you," Ferrell was left with the chore of taking Norman into a waiting room outside the clubhouse and telling him he was through. The Sisson-Campbell influence in the club is strong, but because Ferrell is general manager and because Hansen now puts in several hours a day at the stadium, the players are understandably confused about who really runs the front office. And, of course, John Fetzner is unquestionably the strong man of the organization. This diffuse leadership is not the image of authority prescribed for the proper operation of a major league club.

But, after all, baseball is a game played by teams of nine men on a field, and if what happens there pleases the fans maybe the economic and organizational problems will right themselves or be forgotten. "If we were winning ball games," says Harry Sisson with shattering logic, "people wouldn't be so concerned about the front office."

Jimme Dykes, the new manager, has no strong misgivings. He thinks he'll make the first division. He needs

in the years 1938-1951. Some of those years were awfully good, but some were awfully bad.

But the ownership group plunged in, money first. Now nearing the end of their third year in control, they have met their loan and interest payments right on schedule, but they also have a team that will make the first division only after a real struggle; a front office which does not yet convey the impression of authority; a weakened player-replacement program, which bodes ill for the future improvement of the club on the field; and a disenchanted following, which bodes ill for the future of the club financially.

The problems of the Detroit organization have been apparent to other major league clubs for some time. Now Detroit's owners seem to be learning them, too, the hard way. For all his talk of business parallels in baseball, Harvey Hansen honestly admits, "If there's one thing I've learned in my two and a half years here, it is that you have to let professionals run the game." **END**

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Meek

Rugger: Romping Duel in the May Sun

**Players and spectators, as in
these scenes of Princeton-
Yale rivalry, are finding
the old game a mighty
attractive spring pastime**

On more and more May campuses such old favorites as baseball, crew and track are having to make room for a venerable but newly vigorous rival: Rugby. Rugger's uniforms may look like a nostalgic revival of 1870 football but, as the Princeton scene on the following pages will testify, the action is plenty spirited, and the game offers the further satisfaction for spectators of bringing them right up to fieldside for vantage points on the grass. Usually the team is a club, an unofficial offshoot of the university athletic program, which not only arranges its own schedule and pays its own way on road trips but also finds its own coach. Moreover, there are no half-time retreats to a locker room for coachy harangues; half time is for flopping on the sidelines and having bumps and bruises balm'd by dolls from Vassar, Smith, Stanford, California and similar outposts.

All this is not to say that Rugby is taken lightly by its practitioners. Schedules are rigorous, competition keen. Already this season Dartmouth, strongest in the seven-club Eastern Rugby Union, has voyaged to England where it took five out of seven matches (SI, Jan. 19) and has traveled to the West Coast where it won three out of four. Harvard flew to Bermuda and won the annual Bermuda Rugby Week trophy during spring vacation, and five teams in St. Louis, midwestern Rugby stronghold, have been fighting it out to see which would meet the winner of the Ontario Rugby Union series in a postseason contest.

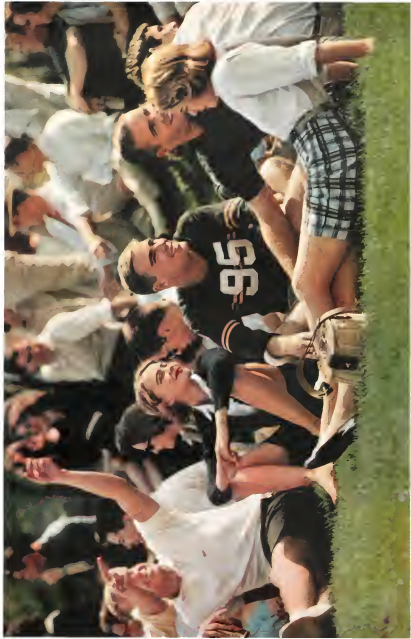
Not surprisingly in a game of such informality, there is a remarkable lack of reliable statistics. In the 29-year-old Yale-Princeton rivalry reflected on these pages, for instance, nobody seems to have the foggiest notion of who's ahead over the years. Princeton won the rugged game shown here 5-3.

*At half-time intermission, Rugby's only time-out, a Princeton
player gets the admiring attention of sideline spectators*









Happy half-time group of Reuben Donnelley (left), Marilyn West, Joseph Alsop Jr., Douglas Churchill and Pam Martin shows Rugby's carefree informality

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

A Sub of One's Own

WE'VE BEEN admiring the boom in powerboats for some time now, just as you probably have, and wondering what form it would take next. Well, we invite your attention to a German engineer named Ernst Wagner who has not only been wondering about, but working on, the form it should take next. His proposal: the sportsman's submarine.

Wagner, an old Luftwaffe designer who switched after the war and created the famous Ewa line of powerboats, is building light, inexpensive subs at his yards at Ueberlingen on Lake Constance and will offer the first of them for sale at the New York boat show next January. He vigorously opposes the notion that a submarine must be both dangerous and complicated. His ship is a 5-by-12-foot rectangle of metal tubes, and looks like a miniature lighthouse on a raft. The center part consists of a plexiglass dome—the conning tower—with a gooseneck tube sticking out of it: the periscope. The sub's total displacement makes it always lighter than water, so that if anything happens to the two electric motors it automatically rises to the surface. Wagner has designed it to cruise at about 15 mph submerged and to be able to stay below for two hours. Weighing half a ton, it can be towed behind the family car and launched in four feet of water.

But what are sportsmen going to do in submarines? Wagner believes that we are approaching a whole new kind of sport. He thinks pleasure subs will have all the attraction of skin-diving—he is an enthusiastic skin-diver himself—but with added attractions. "There will be an unfishlike human dignity," says the sporting submariner, "in mov-

ing through the undersea realm."

That's Ernst Wagner talking—not us. We're not yet sure what we think of the idea of motorized underwater spectators staring at us skin-divers—possibly through monacles and lorgnettes. But, for better or worse, the first pleasure submarine will be retailing soon for around \$2,500, i.e., New York: probably less when mass production sets in.

Kinky Blinky

NEXT to Mike Lyman's grill at the Los Angeles International Airport there is a typical airport newsstand, harshly lighted and eternally busy. This one was doing a fair business early one morning last week when Blinky Palermo, fight manager who acquires some of his prestige

continued



"Surrender? My answer is **NUTS!**"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

from a long cronyship with Frankie Carbo, casually wandered in while waiting for a plane to his home in Philadelphia.

A conservative dresser, Blinky is a man of taste in other areas, it appears, for his soft pink fingers selected a copy of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* from the magazine rack; then he chose a copy of the monthly magazine *Sport*, two newspapers and a couple of packages of gum—all told, 80¢ worth of merchandise. As he approached the cashier he held the magazines and papers behind him and picked a package of peanut butter crackers from the counter. He paid for the crackers and ambled on out into the cool night air.

It was neatly done, on the word of a Los Angeles plainclothesman whose job is to spot hoodlums entering and leaving Los Angeles. He had "made" Blinky almost as soon as he stepped up to the newsstand.

When the policeman picked him up Blinky was a practiced picture of offended innocence. Blinky has been picked up before. Oh, asked Blinky, did I really forget to pay for them? Well, it was a mistake. How about paying for them now? And, finally and inevitably, the classic line: "It's a dirty frame."

In Municipal Judge Delbert E. Wong's court Blinky pleaded innocent to petty theft and later made a \$500 bail bond. A jury trial—for which no one expects Blinky to show

—was set for June 16. He left for Philadelphia that night.

A petty incident, but revealing in its way, and of course by no means detrimental to Blinky's influence in boxing.

Bureaucracy

ONE OF THE tragicomic fictions of the modern world is the psychiatrist so steeped in the dark innuendoes of his specialty that he meets every simple "hello" with the question: "What did he mean by that?"

It may be that this suspicious medico has his political counterpart by the hundreds in totalitarian bureaucracies where the wrong nod to the wrong man may mean instant eclipse, but we like to think that in our country at least any man can offer greetings to any other without suspicion or unwelcome inference. We particularly like to think so when the greeter in question is the President of the United States.

Such was definitely not the case when President Dwight D. Eisenhower recently undertook to send his greetings to the national convention of a group of Americans deeply and sincerely dedicated to a problem which has long worried him: the problem of national fitness. The group in question is the official professional organization of the physical education teachers of the U.S., known by the deep-breath name of the American

Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation. The new AAHPER program, Operation Fitness—U.S.A., was hailed here (*SI*, Jan. 26) as "the first constructive nationwide program for fitness of American youth since President Eisenhower became concerned about the problem in 1955."

The President's own cabinet-level Council on Youth Fitness, headed by Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, is semicommitted to Operation Fitness, but some of the council's advisors nurse a private fear that the AAHPER program for getting U.S. youth to flex its muscles leans too much on arbitrary tests which might almost be considered un-American.

We won't even bother to argue that point. We will, however, argue strenuously the right and taste of any bureaucrat, no matter how dissident, to suppress a greeting from the President of the U.S. to any group of his fellow Americans, which is exactly what happened at the AAHPER convention at Portland, Oregon.

President Eisenhower's telegram saluting Operation Fitness was drafted in one division of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (Arthur Flemming, Secretary), okayed by the White House and duly dispatched to the physical education teachers. But it had failed to receive the approving initials of the Secretary's Special Assistant for Health and Medical Affairs, and this would never do. The Special Assistant to the Secretary for Health and Medical Affairs, who was one of those disapproving of Operation Fitness, got on the phone to Portland, and told the physical education boys that there had been a lamentable foul-up; that President Eisenhower's good wishes had not been properly reviewed before dispatch, etc., etc., etc. Not wishing to offend the S.A. for H. and M.A., the officers of the physical education group sadly made their decision: better not read Ike's message to the 2,500 delegates assembled.

Well, we have a copy of the President's greeting at hand, and, the S.A. for H. and M.A. to the contrary notwithstanding, we would like to read it to everybody right here and now.

They Said It

STAN MUSIAL of the St. Louis Cardinals, after he became the sixth man in baseball history to smash 400 homers (others: Ruth, Fozz, Ott, Gehrig, Ted Williams): "Gosh, that's a lot of home runs for a singles hitter."

PUNCH INLACH, Toronto Maple Leafs coach, bridling over word that Alex Delvecchio, winner of the Lady Byng Trophy for gentlemanly conduct, might be traded to his team: "I'll fire any player who wins that trophy."

OSCAR ROBERTSON, Cincinnati University basketball All-America, on how he coped with high-powered recruiting: "I talked to very few college coaches. I figured they'd all be lying no matter what they promised."

RONNIE PRUDEN, on being named AMVETS youth adviser: "Helping children become fit is as simple as chasing your kid around the block, putting a chicken bar in every house and having your girl start jumping rope."

We doubt if Ike would take a line of it back:

IT IS A PLEASURE TO SEND GREETINGS TO THOSE ATTENDING THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR HEALTH, PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND RECREATION.

FITNESS OF OUR CITIZENS IS A NATIONAL NEED REQUIRING CONTINUING PUBLIC ATTENTION AND ENLIGHTENED ACTION. YOUR "OPERATION FITNESS—U.S.A." PROJECT SHOULD HELP FOCUS ATTENTION UPON CONTRIBUTIONS THAT CAN BE MADE TO THE HEALTH, VIGOR AND CHARACTER OF AMERICAN BOYS AND GIRLS. BEST WISHES FOR A FINE CONVENTION.

DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER

Make Mine a Yorsh

THERE IS perhaps no finer evidence of Soviet efficiency than that shown in the Russian approach to the international oasis of sportsmen known as the 19th hole. Where most of the decadent civilizations of the Western world find it necessary to struggle through 18 or more ardent and taxing holes of golf before settling down to their just reward in the locker room bar, the Russians have eliminated all the inefficient and wasteful preliminaries. There is not, as it happens, a single golf course in all of Russia, yet the workers' paradise is seemingly one vast 19th hole.

Communist drinking, according to our Photographer-Correspondent Jerry Cooke, who has just returned from Russia weary, footsore and perhaps a touch dehydrated, is continuous, enthusiastic, imaginative and not a whit impaired by the recent dictum limiting Russian lushes to a single hooker of vodka in any one bar. In the first place, there is nothing in the law to keep you from bowling along to the next bar for another hooker; in the second place, the law applies only to vodka, and vodka is only the beginning.

The people of Russia have long been famed for a monumental consumption of their tribal drink, and they still drink traditional oceans of vodka but they drink a great many other things as well. Among Moscow's high-living, modern Jet Set—



"I guess it was one of those days, Rocco, you getting 10 and we shooting an 89 this morning."

the duck-tailed, tight-trousered Russian equivalent of London's neo-Edwardian Teddy Boys—the favorite tippie is Armenian cognac. They can well afford it. Their fathers for the most part are high-ranking status seekers in the classless society, and drinking money is not much of a problem in a land where income taxes take only 13% in the top bracket. The Jets can be seen in droves in any good Moscow restaurant drinking their cognac quietly in the company of buxom girl friends and causing little trouble beyond a certain unsteadiness of gait when at last they make their way homeward.

There are others in Russia who take their drinks with more gusto and mix them with more imagination than the morose Jets. For these happily bibulous Bolsheviks, the bartenders in Moscow's "cocktail halls" will cheerfully mix a lighthouse (3 ounces chartreuse, 1 ounce cognac poured over an egg yolk; drink without breaking the yolk), or a Prince of Wales (3 parts sweet champagne, 1 part cognac; serve in a water glass and drink in a single swallow).

Transportation of liquids to the farther reaches of the Soviet Union is something of a problem, so it is often cheaper and easier to ship pure alcohol than the slightly more watery vodka. Hence the favorite cocktail of northern Siberia is the Far East, or snow, cocktail. This tippie consists of a deep gulp of 190-proof alcohol washed down with a handful of snow, and it is told, with some pride, that Siberia's best hunters can hit a squirrel in the eye (so as not to spoil the fur) at 300 feet after enough Far Easts. In the same rough category as the Far East is the trailerruck: raw vodka followed by a bite of salt herring and washed down by more vodka. Moscow's medical students take their pleasure in a kind of just-nonlethal denatured alcohol which they call blue lady.

At the sophisticated opposite end of the Russian drinking spectrum are the carnival, the yorsh and the Sharbagatovka. The latter, named for a Soviet artist, is a blend of cognac and red wine drunk warm after skating or skiing, like a German *Glühwein*.

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The carnival, a Leningrad favorite, consists of two kinds of Russian ram—both sweetish—1 part vodka, 1 part cognac and enough champagne to fill whatever glass is being used. Cooke describes it as a Russian zombie. The trickiest drink of all is the yorsh (named after a small fish with prickles), whose manufacture requires as much skill as does a pousse-café. It is mixed by pouring beer into a glass up to the halfway mark and covering it gently with a white (must be white) handkerchief. The glass is then filled ever so gently to the brim with vodka. If the job is done right the handkerchief can be removed leaving vodka and beer together in a wedded but unmixed state, and the whole thing is swallowed at a gulp. "It looks," said one enraptured comrade to Cooke, "absolutely lovely against the light."

Last but far from least is a kind of instant Muscovite beer which can be brewed at home in a mere 15 days. It takes only a little sugar, some water and a few grams of dry yeast. If, after one week in a warm place, it has neither blown up nor walked away, add a little more yeast and vodka to taste, wait another week, and then have fun. Before consuming too much, however, it might be well to have a sip of kashy, a horsemeat broth popular in Central Asia. Kashy is thought to make one immune to alcohol in any quantity.

Mud in your eye! Or, as Cooke learned to say, *Na Zadorerie!*

Little Richard's Almanac

THE TROUBLES of Little Richard, a blue-tick hound, began on a hunting trip with his owner Larry Wilson, an undertaker of Owasso, Oklahoma. Hard on the scent of a skeddaddling coon, Little Richard followed the trail up to a narrow cleft of rock six miles east of Owasso. A hunter's hunter, he did not swerve from his duty but flung himself headlong into the limestone slit. Unlike the coon, he did not come out again. He managed instead to wedge himself into a V-shaped crevice. Forward motion thereupon ceased. That, pretty much, was the first day.

Little Richard did what he could do through the night: he answered Larry Wilson's repeated entreaties to come out with muffled howls of despair, and he kicked his forelegs, suspended above the cave floor, in futile exercise. Toward morning, Wilson and a cousin, now convinced they alone could not free the hound, rushed off to Owasso for assistance.

Later on the second day, would-be rescuers began to collect at the mouth of Little Richard's trap. They kicked at the rock and admitted it was hard; they poked their heads into the crevice and admitted it was narrow; some chipped at the stone with picks and admitted it was slow going. One of the number, Albert Leeds of Tulsa, weighing 70 pounds to Little Richard's 60, tried to reach the dog by crawling. But squirm as he might, the 10 pounds made the difference, and he backed out defeated. Little Richard mourned softly, no closer to freedom than before.

On the third day, an Oklahoma gas company crew moved to the scene with pneumatic drills. It is unresolved whether it is better to be trapped in a cave and left to perish quietly or to be trapped in a cave and saved with the clatter of jackhammers ringing in your ears. But Little Richard, wincing with every spurt of the hammer, endured that day, and by nightfall looked up to see the face of Dr. John Collins, the attending veterinarian

from Tulsa. Dr. Collins could not reach the dog but he could see enough to tell newspaper and television reporters that Little Richard was losing weight and was thirsty. When the Owasso fire department heard that, it rigged a hose and sprayed water on the walls nearest the dog. Little Richard lapped the moisture off the stone as it trickled by.

He fared poorly over the next two days. Outside all was sunshine and fresh air and free-running coons. But for the hound inside, life had become an around-the-clock ordeal of dark hunger, suffocating limestone dust and the banging and shouting of frustrated men. It was all very well to know that a few feet away reporters from the big city were writing down your name and television crews were standing by to see your face and volunteer workers were lined up for a crack at the rock walls. But it was not a dog's life.

Shortly before dawn on the sixth day the rescue workers shook their heads solemnly and said that the jackhammers would not get through in time. The only hope, they said, was dynamite. Wilson, close to exhaustion, bit off the remains of a fingernail and gave reluctant consent. Little Richard hung down his head while Edgar Palmer, an Owasso explosives expert, was called in to supervise the blasting. Pillows and blankets were forced up close to the dog's head, and after six shots, the last within three feet, the cleft fell open. Once the debris was cleared, Little Richard, his head spinning, half fell, half leaped into Wilson's arms. He had lost 17 pounds and his backbone made a lumpy ridge from shoulders to tail. But the coon dog, just in case any coons were perched in the surrounding trees, made it stiffly—but under his own power—to a waiting ambulance.

Late last week, rested, restored considerably in weight and definitely refreshed in spirit, Little Richard was able to lope off into the coon thickets of northeast Oklahoma with Larry Wilson again. And friends and admirers of Little Richard raised sighs of satisfaction from Maine to California, Alaska and Hawaii. **END**



Canny Mountaineer

He knows the mountain passes, so
Climbs not, nor leaps crevasses,
But sits and waits and will not go
Until the mountain passes.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



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IMPORTED BY HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

ALL STATUS AND NO PLAY...

THE most talked-about book in the U.S. last week was an erudite volume of 24 chapters and 376 pages called *The Status Seekers*. Its author, Vance Packard (whose previous bestseller was *The Hidden Persuaders*), submits that since World War II American society has become as stratified as a parfait.

Packard's U.S.A. is a land in which we the people live at five different class levels and are increasingly concerned about maintaining the status symbols of our particular class or, just as likely, trying to climb into the class above.

In the course of setting forth this idea, Packard may have invented a sociological parlor game that could in itself increase the sale of his book. It might be called What's Your Status? —the point being to determine precisely where you belong: With the Real Upper Class, the Semi-Upper Class, the Limited-Success Class, the plain old Working Class, or the bottom of Real Hard Cases. Packard examines the status ratings of some 300 occupations, and finds architects and federal judges ranking highest. (Sportsmen, athletes and sportswriters, incidentally, aren't even listed.) Anyway, American life emerges as a general scramble, people climbing all over each other to get into the status above or to avoid the one below, or merely suffering from the universal social traffic jam. Shorter hours, increased prosperity, more leisure have only increased the pressure. Packard's conclusion: "Status seekers are altering our society by their preoccupation, in the midst of plenty, with acquiring evidences of status."

Meanwhile, Author Packard himself last week was relaxing in a big white house (high status) which he paints himself (undetermined status) on a hilltop in New Canaan, Conn. (pretty high status), surrounded by his wife and three children, occasionally walking his Weimaraner, Misty, and doing a lot of bird watching in the blossoming woods. All of this, he says, probably places him with the Semi-Upper Class. Still, he loves to sail his boat in the turbulent waters

near his other house on Wasque Point off Martha's Vineyard (high status), but he spoils the status effect by his passion for clam-digging.

"I don't know why there is so little written on status and sport," Packard observed thoughtfully to a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* man. "I originally intended to include a chapter on the

In England, Rugby, which is played on a green field, has a higher status than soccer, which requires nothing but a ball."

Isn't it possible, he was asked, that despite the snobbery associated with some sports, status and sport are contradictory terms?

"Could be something in that," said Packard, who played football in high school and who bluefishes with an amateur's passion. "But there is very little authoritative sociological literature on the subject," he added warningly, thumbing through an old copy of Thorstein Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*.

Veblen, it turned out, considered sport a sign of arrested moral development. Robert and Helen Lynd, whose classic studies on Middletown are landmarks in American sociological writing, barely mention sport in the 1,154 pages of their masterpieces. Broadly speaking, there is almost nothing on sport in this whole branch of letters.

As Author Packard returned to bird watching and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s student returned to sport, the question remained unanswered: How important is that omission? The motives that the sociologists, including benevolent Author Packard, ascribe to human beings are generally pretty bitter and mean ones—envy, ambition, a crude desire for display, or a cruel desire to humiliate, on one hand, or anxiety, uncertainty, fear or panic at the loss of status on the other. Doubtless there are as many people who want to achieve status by sport as in any other way. But by sport's very nature, we submit, it is impossible for its followers to be concerned only with status. Some skill is necessary. At least there must be an objective appreciation of excellence. And at best there may be a complete forgetfulness of self, of class, status, elegant or inelegant surroundings, in the joy of life and the spontaneous exhilaration of effort that sometimes comes with sport and which sociologists cannot measure. Call it the pursuit of happiness and excellence, terms older than sociology.

END



VANCE PACKARD WATCHES BIRDS, TOO

whole subject in *The Status Seekers*. But I found there were no complete or reliable studies, no sociological findings to provide a point of departure, and gave it up. I found some interesting sidelights only. For example, I don't believe there is any status sport that involves close bodily contact. Tennis, golf, sailing, crew are traditional upper-class sports. And there seems to be a relation between high-prestige sports and real estate. Golf and polo require fairly substantial investments in land preparation.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE ICEMON COMETH BACK



BACK IN 1948, just a soft putt away from greatness, there was a wiry, resolute, feisty and often grumpy guy in a wide, white cap who would not accept defeat without putting up something on the order of a fist fight. He was known, although he had not made the weight in years, as Bantam Ben Hogan, and he played, mechanically as a slot machine, for money, and the jackpots were many.

Five summers, several major championships and one terrible automobile accident later, there was a Wee Icemon, as the marveling Scots called him at Carnoustie, who would not be defeated. He was broader if not much mellowed, and he seemed to play, at least in part, for the record book. That Ben Hogan was perhaps the finest tournament player golf has ever known.

In the past six years there has appeared at a few tournaments, such as the Masters and the Open, a kindly gentleman known as William B. Hogan, a manufacturer of golf equipment from Fort Worth. This Ben Hogan was still a splendid golfer, but it was said that because of age, lack of competition, deterioration of nerve control and business pressures he might never win again. But at 46, and with the grith and thinning hair which are the luggage of the journey into middle age, he last week won his first regulation tournament since 1953.

Hogan was tied at 285 with Fred Hawkins after 72 holes in the Colonial Invitation on his home course in Fort Worth. "I don't like playoffs," said Hogan glumly then. "I don't have much luck in them [he has now won five of 12], mainly because I seem to be keyed up for four days only."

But "running" his irons under a violent, 45-mph wind, Hogan overtook Hawkins on the 4th hole, was 4 up after the 7th and protected his lead from there to the clubhouse for a one-under-par 69.

"It was the best golf I ever played under the conditions," William B. Hogan said. "It has been an awfully dry spell."

Photograph by Farrell Graham

RADE SMILES light Ben Hogan's face while he waits, four strokes up, as Fred Hawkins lines up his putt on 13th green during playoff (left) and as he receives trophy for his fifth Colonial win.



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN CALIFORNIA

A long shot furnished a fresh look in race track finishes, Silky Sullivan showed that he can still triumph in his favorite state, 93,103 fans paid to see a benefit baseball game, and sheriff's deputies helped to clear Chavez Ravine for Walter O'Malley



SHOT LONG SHOT Clay Spark has feet of clay as he stumbles, & la Leon Errol, at the wire at Tanforan. Standisham horse and Jockey Arthur Goldsmith, whose feet remained in the stirrups for official ride, managed to stagger across to \$32.90 win.





WORLD'S BIGGEST yacht race gets under way at Newport Beach, Calif., as part of 319-boat fleet in the 12th annual Ensenada race heads for Todos Santos Bay, some 130 miles distant. Class A winner: Charles Ulman's 50-foot sloop, *The Legend*.

RECORD CROWD of 93,103 (paid), largest ever to witness a baseball game in the U.S., fills Los Angeles Coliseum to watch the Yankees defeat the Dodgers 6-2 in an exhibition contest. New York charities and Roy Campanella were the beneficiaries.



COMEBACK CATCHER Campanella notes comeback horse Sullivan at Hollywood Park after Silky came from 15 lengths back to win Campanella purse, Campy, alas, admitted he didn't back Silky.



LONG BATTLE for Chavez Ravine, where Dodgers plan to build new ball park, enters further phase as deputies haul off evicted residents. Moving van is in background.



HUGH WILEY, WHOSE MARVELLOUS RIDE PRODUCED UPSET VICTORY FOR U.S. GUIDES NAUTICAL OVER THE HURGLES AT ROME

WONDERFUL WORLD continued

ROMAN HOLIDAY FOR U.S. RIDERS

THEY LAUGHED when George Morris, Frank Chapot, William Steinkraus and Hugh Wiley sat down in the saddle. Americans were competing in Rome's international horse show for the first time, and no one, including their coach, gave them a chance against the Italians (who had won six times in nine years) or the Germans in the Grand Prix de Nations. "The Americans are good and we wish them success," said one Italian, "but they lack the technique to come through."

But one night last week in the pine-shrouded Piazza di Siena it was the Germans, among others, who did not come through; the Italians and Americans were tied after the early marches, necessitating a barrage run, or jump-off. The outcome was in doubt until Hugh Wiley, on his formidable palomino Nautical, produced a faultless ride to give the U.S. a startling 0-8 victory. "I could hardly see the obstacles in that darkness," marveled Wiley, "but he cleared them perfectly."



GRAND PRIX de Nations cup is presented to Frank Chapot, on behalf of President Gronchi, by Sports Minister Umberto Tupiza.

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KINGS OF THE CLASS-BOAT SAILORS

The Moshbacher brothers, Bus and Bob, are currently the hottest skippers going. Here is the story of how two great helmsmen grew, and the secrets of their success

by CARLETON MITCHELL

ON A SMOKY DAY in a chill sou'wester off Newport last September, *Vim* and *Columbia*, the two great contenders for America's Cup honors, squared off for one of their last battles. Corny Shields, at *Columbia's* helm, was already tasting victory: "Just let her stick her nose into the clear," he exulted, "and she cannot be beaten." But aboard *Vim*, Helmsman Emil (Bus) Moshbacher and a superb crew were ready and waiting, and at the preparatory signal *Vim* made her move. Like a great jungle cat, she pounced on *Columbia's* stern. Corny Shields circled vainly, trying to escape, finally broke and headed for the line. But he was slightly early; *Columbia* had to bear off and Bus Moshbacher had the opening he was waiting for. He rode his rival past the buoy, in complete control, until Shields let go the wheel and placed his hands on his hips in a gesture of resignation. He could have paid no greater compliment to his young competitor, who on that day, as on many others, had won the race before it had officially begun.

A week later, before the spray had even settled in Newport, another Moshbacher named Bob was at the helm of a 210 class sloop off Rye, on Long Island Sound. When that contest was over, Bob had won the North American Sailing Championship for the Clifford D. Mallory Cup, establishing himself as the year's unquestioned master of fleet racing.

The Moshbacher brothers, Bus and Bob, are a phenomenon of the sort that yachting—or any other sport,

for that matter—sees only seldom. For an entire year now they have been whipping their competitors with impressive regularity. Bob led off in the early spring of 1958 by winning the Southern Ocean Racing Conference championship. Transferring to smaller boats on sheltered waters, he followed this with the impressive series of victories that finally qualified him to represent the Texas

Yachting Association in the climactic Mallory Cup competition. Bus came heart-stoppingly close to winning U.S. yachting's greatest honor when *Vim* was barely nosed out by *Columbia* in the cup trials. When the summer of the 12s was finished he turned to ocean racing, skippering *Callooh* in the Southern Circuit with such impressive skill that she won the SORC championship, and he had his name engraved alongside Bob's.

The careers of the two brothers are at once parallel and divergent. Both were born in Westchester County, N.Y., Bus in 1922, Bob in 1927. The sailing lives of both extend back to earliest memories. "I guess I was 4 or

continued



YOUNG RACING HOPEFULS BUS AND BOB, THEN 17 AND 12, IN THE FAMILY STAR BOAT



AT HOME IN HOUSTON. Bob's family admires trophies. Lisa, the youngest, is on her mother's lap. Kathy at left. Robert and Diane already skipper their own boat.

AT HOME IN WHITE PLAINS. Bus is photographed with his wife Patricia, Emil III (standing), John, the youngest, and Bruce. Older boys are learning to sail a dinghy



4½ when I first went out," recalls Bus. "Dad had a shell boat, about 12 feet long, a cat-rigged, flat-bottomed little boat equivalent to today's dinghy. I was allowed to come along," Bob considers himself 5 when he started. "I used to think it was great fun to turn the boat over. I remember I stopped when nobody helped me right it again. The older fellows did the pumping at first. When I had to do it myself, it ceased being fun."

To both, life afloat was "a natural sort of evolution, since Dad was interested in sailing." The elder Mosbacher, a successful independent producer of oil and gas, with extensive real estate holdings in addition, loved sailing and gave his sons every opportunity to excel. As youngsters, the Mosbachers owned a succession of boats, which passed from the elder to the younger brother as some families pass clothes. There was the shell, then a Comet, then a Star, which both consider of great importance in their nautical education, especially in developing feel to windward. Most helmsmen watch their sails almost constantly, especially the luff of the jib. The Mosbachers agree they do not. "We were so small when we started sailing Stars," Bob says, "that we couldn't crick our necks to watch the sails. All we could go by was the angle of heel, the look of the sea ahead and the water passing to leeward, with maybe an occasional glance aloft."

"Actually," Bus says today, "watching the sails is only one of the important factors which you must watch during a race. It's like a football game: when a quarterback is running off a play he must know what all his other team members are doing, not just the end to whom he's going to pass. Watching only the jib is like watching only that one end."

"There are so many ifs during a race. If it's rough, you must watch the sea. If it's fluky, you must watch for direction changes, keep an eye on the cat's-paws. You must watch the balance of the boat and trim the sails. And all along you have relative-motion problems particular to your own position. The scene is always changing; every puff means something in relation to your opponent."

The senior Mosbacher played an important role then not only as a provider of boats and an encourager of sailing but as an active coach. He owned a power launch, and each Sat-

ursday and Sunday followed the boys in their respective classes. As Bus recalls it: "Whenever I saw the bow wave of my father's boat rise I knew I had done something wrong. It meant he was leaving me to watch Bob. If he was back a short time later it meant Bob had done something wrong."

In the evenings after races Emil senior sat down with his sons to recapitulate the day's events. Everything from starting maneuvers to spinnaker handling to turning tactics came under discussion, and both boys learned there had to be a reason for every move they had made.

These evening sessions are still lively in both the brothers' memories. "Of course," Bus recalls today, "as often with father and son, Dad might become outraged by our mistakes, but by the time we met for dinner he was usually fairly calm and peaceful. I don't recall him ever blaming us for our mistakes. What he was more apt to do was ask us why we made them. Why did it take two minutes to get the spinnaker up, why did I tack at a certain point? At the same time, he was most sparing with his compliments, and he could be very sharp. If we pulled a really bad blunder we would arrange to have dinner with a friend. There were one or two occasions when we even stayed away for the weekend."

SAILING SEMINAR

Today their father looks back on those times with indulgence. "Bus has always had a *casa made* brain," he says. "Things came easily for him, yet he always had to analyze each factor. Bob was the opposite. Night after night Bus would put little boats on the table and ask Bob, 'What would you do if the mark was here, and I was here, and you were here, and the wind was thus and the current so?' Sometimes Bob would get so sleepy I would make Bus let him go to bed. Bus was really always the driver—maybe I added 15% to what they found for themselves."

Both the brothers benefited in their early days from stiff and constant competition. When Bus was 15 he graduated to Atlantics, which he sailed for three years as a junior in Long Island Sound. He won a Larchmont Race Week but never a season's championship. "I was close," he says, "but no cigar." But in 1939 he won the Sound junior championship and was runner-up for the Sears Cup,

continued on page 70



This is "Malolo® Navigator"—one of Catalina's new jackets for the swashbuckling! Its first mate is Lastex trunks that match! Both in white or black. The jacket \$7.95. The trunks \$5.95.

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You'll have more fun, spend less time and have a better looking lawn when you ride the Estate 24. If it is more mower than you may need, your Jacobsen dealer can tell

you about the other twenty-three reel or rotary models (priced from \$74.50), that carry the first name in power mowers—Jacobsen.

ESTATE 24 FACTS: 24-in. cutting width, trimmer type, 3 hp Jacobsen Hi-Torque engine, 6-blade reel. Model 8A with conventional "walk behind" handle, 2 wheel drive, \$355.00. Model 8B with full roller drive, \$375.00. Model 62 Riding Attachment as illustrated, \$77.50. Electric starter, grass catcher, spike-aerator, and straight blade snow plow, extra. One-year Warranty. All Jacobsen power mowers are factory warranted against defects in material or construction, for one year.



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The Valve-Trim Trimmer type, high speed 6-blade reel, 18 and 21 inch cutting widths. \$149.50 and \$169.50.
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HOW TO RIDE A HORSE

More Americans of all ages are riding for pleasure today than at any time since the automobile replaced the horse. For readers who may be contemplating the mysteries and rewards of this year-round sport, either for themselves or their children, Sports Illustrated herewith presents a two-part series on the principles of riding. It has been prepared by Gordon Wright, America's leading teacher of the art, whose most recent book 'Horsemanship' appeared this year. The illustrations are by Sam Saxitt, a former pupil of Wright



by **GORDON WRIGHT**

with *Alice Higgins*

Whether you are 6 or 60, you can learn to ride a horse. If you learn to ride slowly and correctly, you will ride well and your pleasure in the sport will be greatly enhanced. You will need a well-behaved horse and some supervision. Both are obtainable in most cities from livery stables and in the country at camps or from friends. You also will find that an advance understanding of what you and the horse *do*, separately and together, will make learning easier for both of you. That is the purpose of this series. While there are several styles of riding and almost as many types of saddles, the authors feel that the basic principles illustrated in this series are fundamental to all of them. Remember that even the longest journey still begins with the first step. In this case it is a step *up*. Turn the page to see just how this is accomplished.

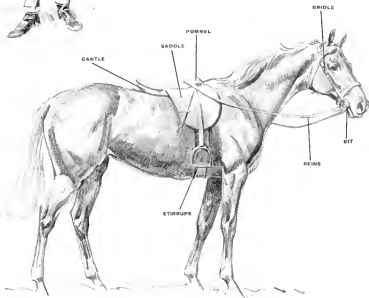
CONTINUED

What you ... and the horse ... should wear



It is not necessary to buy a \$500 riding habit to learn to ride, but clothes suited to the sport will help you, while the wrong ones can be a real handicap. Consequently, the right kind of clothing should be bought or borrowed before a foot is put into the stirrup. Starting from the ground up, that foot should be in a boot or at least a stout, laced oxford (jodhpur boots cost \$6 up). Limber shoes, such as loafers or sneakers, develop bad habits (trying to keep the heel of this type of shoe from "dropping off" causes tensions) and may be hazardous. Jodhpurs do not have to be tailor-made (a wash pair can be obtained for as little as \$10), but they should fit well. If it is necessary to use blue jeans, be sure to wear long underwear. Unless you have this protection you are likely to wind up with raw knees which cannot be kept in proper riding position. A riding jacket is not essential to start with—any jacket of roughly hip length that is roomy and not constricting will do. In these drawings we have eliminated gloves in order to illustrate the hands more clearly, but they should be worn regardless of the temperature. A string or pigskin glove will help you avoid blisters.

The basic equipment for your horse is a saddle and a snaffle bridle. (Later, if you wish to buy your own horse and tack, a new and suitable saddle costs from \$60, a bridle from \$13.) The elements of the bridle and saddle you will need to know to follow this series are (below): the pommel, the cantle and the stirrups, which hang on straps that are adjustable in length to fit the rider. The bridle has reins attached to a bit in the horse's mouth, which enables you to stop or steer the horse.





On the ground

Attendants at livery stables and riding schools are likely to lead your horse up to a mounting block and summarily hoist you aboard. Don't let them. There is more to horsemanship than riding, and correct ground procedure should be learned first. A horse is traditionally approached and led from the left side, which is also known as the near side. Get acquainted with your horse by stepping up alongside the horse's left shoulder and taking the reins about six inches under the bit. Then, with your body facing the same direction as the horse, walk slowly forward. Look straight ahead—not at the horse. He will walk beside you or behind you and not on you. In this position you are safe from kicks and bites and still have control of the animal. The closer you stand to the horse the safer you are—the quietest will sometimes kick at a fly and hit you if you are in the way. There is no reason to fear your horse, but that does not mean you should take him for granted. Any horse is capable of inflicting injury, but most accidents are the result of the rider's carelessness or ignorance.



Arranging the reins

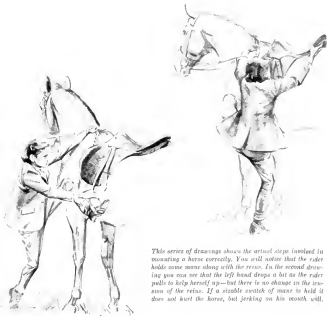
Control of the horse at all times is highly important, and this means keeping a firm hand on the reins. Now that you have walked your horse, you are ready to mount. The first thing to do is get the reins in order. They are of equal length, and there is a seam or buckle that marks the center spot. Find that seam and with the right hand (*left*) pull the rein so that the slack is taken up on the off side. Then bring the left hand up until it meets the right rein on the horse's neck just in front of the withers, and take both reins in the left hand (*above*). Be sure that the leftover reins, known as the bight, are neatly arranged alongside the shoulder of the horse so as not to get caught in the stirrup.

CONTINUED

Now—get on that horse!

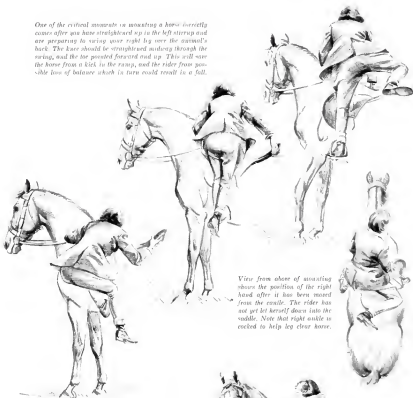
In arranging the reins in your left hand, you have shifted the position of your body so that you are facing slightly to the rear. Your rein hand should be resting easily on the horse's neck, a few inches ahead of the pommel (placing your hand too close to the pommel can result in pinched fingers). Now, without letting go of the reins, open the fingers of your left hand far enough to get a handful of the horse's mane. This will give you more stability and will keep you from jerking the horse's mouth if you at first find yourself using the reins as a strap in pulling yourself aboard. Take the top of the stirrup in your right hand and turn it toward you (*below left*); then thrust your left foot all the way into it—"home" as horsemen say—so that the metal is against the heel of your boot. You are now ready for two forceful movements—a hop followed by a spring. The hop off the right foot will swing you around to face the horse and enable you to grasp the cantle of the saddle with your right hand. The spring, also off the right leg, follows immediately. With a good spring an adult can stand up

straight in the left stirrup, but if you are shorter, like the girl pictured here, you will have to pull with your arms as well. While performing this maneuver, keep the toe of the left foot—the one in the stirrup—pointed downward and the leg in close to the horse. Otherwise you may nudge the horse in his side with the toe of the boot. So now you are halfway there. Your weight is distributed between your arms and your left leg. Now lean on your left arm and move your right hand from the cantle to the off, or right-hand side, of the pommel. At the same time swing your right leg over the horse's back and let yourself down into the saddle. Pronto! You're aboard. Then place your right foot in the stirrup, take the reins in both hands and you are ready to ride. The process we have described here actually takes only about 10 seconds, but you will need to practice it a good many times to make all the motions smoothly. Don't be discouraged if it seems awkward at first. Even a small girl, as these illustrations show, can learn to get on an average-size horse easily—and without any assistance.



This series of drawings shows the actual steps involved in mounting a horse correctly. You will notice that the rider holds some mane along with the reins. In the second drawing you can see that the left hand drops a bit as the rider pulls to help herself up—but there is no change in the tension of the reins. If a sizable swath of mane is held it does not hurt the horse, but jerking on his mouth will.

One of the critical moments in mounting a horse correctly comes after you have straightened up in the left stirrup and are preparing to swing your right leg over the animal's back. The knee should be straightened midway through the swing, and the toe pointed forward and up. This will save the horse from a kick in the rump, and the rider from possible loss of balance which in turn could result in a fall.



View from above of mounting shows the position of the right hand after it has been moved from the cantle. The rider has not yet let herself down into the saddle. Note that right ankle is cocked to help leg clear horse.

Getting a leg up

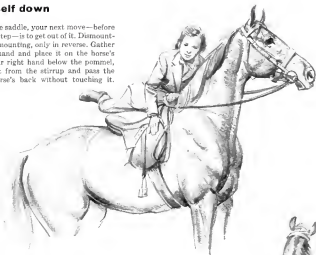
Once you have learned to mount a horse unassisted, it is permissible to allow an instructor or friend to "give you a leg up." For this procedure, you again take the reins in the left hand and grasp the mane just in front of the withers. Place your right hand on the cantle, and stand close to and facing the side of the horse. Bend your left leg at the knee so your helper can grip it, as shown in the drawing at right. Then comes a combined and coinciding effort—you spring off your right foot and your aide boosts you upward, keeping your left leg and knee pressed close to the saddle. The lift must be high enough to allow your right leg to swing clear of the croup. Your right hand moves on saddle as when mounting unassisted.



CONTINUED

Getting yourself down

Now that you're in the saddle, your next move—before the horse ever takes a step—is to get out of it. Dismounting is very much like mounting, only in reverse. Gather the reins in the left hand and place it on the horse's neck. Next, place your right hand below the pommel, remove the right foot from the stirrup and pass the right leg over the horse's back without touching it.



Shift your right hand to the cantle and keep the weight of body on hands. Remove left foot from stirrup and descend lightly to ground.



Even when descending, you should be in a position to maintain control of the horse. Don't push yourself away from the animal, but slide down his side. Note the position of the right hand and arm (far right). If horse moves you can shift weight to that arm and have your left hand free to prevent movement.





Preparing to ride

Having learned to mount and dismount, you are ready to start riding. But first you need to understand the proper arrangement and balance of the various parts of your body—in a word, position. You can achieve the proper position to be used in motion while the horse is standing still—it is basically the same for the walk, the trot, the canter. Here is what you must do: keep your head up and eyes ahead; keep your back straight but not stiff and your hands and arms flexible; your elbows should be bent, with the reins held in front of the horse's withers, hands about two inches apart, and high enough to make a straight line from the horse's mouth to your elbows. Your seat and thighs should be in close contact with the horse. The ball of each foot is in the stirrup, with heels down.

Holding the reins

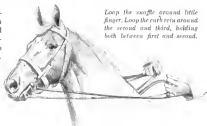
Ordinarily you should keep both hands on the reins. However, occasions may arise when it is necessary to hold them in one—the left. The two drawings below show how to hold the single rein, or snaffle, in both hands or in one. The drawings at the right show how to handle double reins. The top rein is still the snaffle, and the second is called the curb.



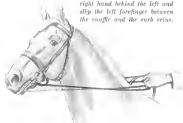
Draw the snaffle through the palm of the hand. Hold firmly between the thumb and the middle joint of the forefinger.



To transfer rein from the right hand to the left, pass the right hand behind and under the left and slip it into the palm of hand.



Loop the snaffle around little finger. Loop the curb rein around the second and third, holding both between first and second.



To shift double reins, place the right hand behind the left and slip the left forefinger between the snaffle and the curb reins.

CONTINUED



Using a crop

In general, you will not need to use a crop until you are ready to trot or canter, so for the sake of clarity we have not shown one in the rider's hand. The crop (also called bat, whip or stick) is an aid, as are your voice and legs, to urge the horse onward. Not all horses need to feel a crop; for some, simply seeing one in the rider's hand is enough inspiration. You will note that the crop is carried in the right hand, along with the rein. If you need to use it, take the rein in your left hand, making sure that you have and can maintain control. Then use your bat briskly behind the girth.



Adjusting the equipment

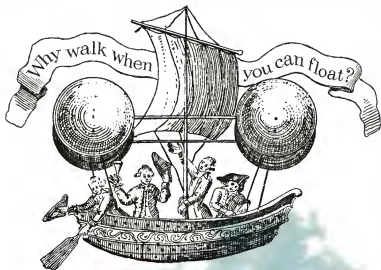
If you feel your saddle slipping, stop. Put your left leg in front of the saddle on the horse's shoulder, with your weight in right stirrup and the reins in the right hand. Fold skirt of saddle forward under your calf, as shown below, or over your thigh. The straps on the saddle to which girth is buckled are called billets. Take hold of a billet and pull upward, past the desired hole, then let it slip back into position. Do the same thing with the other billet, making sure that billets are flat when you have finished.

To shorten or lengthen the stirrup before mounting, loop the reins around your left arm (right); then reach up under the flap and pull the buckle downward—it works like any belt buckle. After adjusting to the proper length, check to see that the buckle is fastened; then pull downward on the understrap and the buckle will slide in place.



NEXT WEEK

Gordon Wright explains and Sam Savitt illustrates what horse and rider do at a walk, trot and canter



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HERBERT WARREN WIND discovers the irrepressible (and only slightly fictional) Harry Sprague again on the winter tour. As he continues the correspondence he began last year, Sprague—in the first of two installments—tells his new sponsor how things are going

Jan. 19, 1959

Mr. Amos A. Tabor

"DUNHOOKIN"

Red Snapper Isles, Florida

Dear Mr. Tabor:

I am dictating this letter to you as per our understanding we agreed last fall on before we closed up the old Otter Lake course for the season. That is, as we pros on the circuit make the winter tour, I will make sure to latch on to a stenographer from time to time and dictate you some reports on how the assistant pro at your club is making out. This is the least I can do for a guy like you, Mr. Tabor, who has done so much for me already. When I think it was only a year ago I came out here to the West Coast practically a complete unknown with a jerkwater sponsor, Walt Parmenter from my home town, I say to myself, "Harry Sprague, you are a lucky stiff to have as a sponsor a wheel who runs the largest golf resort in Michigan and is still as regular and affected as if he had no dough at all." I am not laying it on thick, Mr. Tabor, I am laying it on thin.

Just to fill you in on the schedule, I am dictating this letter the morning after the finish of the Crosby to a lady with the name of Miss Loretta Welch who should have a picture of Harry Vardon hanging on her wall, if you follow my drift. Miss Welch has her office on Ocean Avenue which is the main drag in Carmel which is a nice little town right next door to Pebble. There are a lot of artists in this here town of Carmel so earlier in the week I brought in the big new golf bag I just picked up and had some guy print on it in big red and gold letters: Harry Sprague, Otter Lake, Michigan, winner of 1957 Micawba Open and 1958 Charlevoix Pro-Am. A lot of the artists in this town don't

sell many pictures, Miss Welch tells me, and that is why some of them run haberdashery stores. I moseyed into a couple of them earlier this morning looking for some sportshirts since my supply is running low and I still got a little cabbage from my fine showing in the Tijuana Open last week or so ago. The trouble with those stores is all they stock is Italian clothes from Italy like mohair sweaters. Anyhow, as you know from watching me play and teach at Otter Lake last summer, I am strictly a conservative type dresser. As I was telling Mrs. Bud McKay yesterday, "Just give me a pair of light blue slacks and an alpaca sweater to match and just a plain old yellow or red sportshirt. I am out here to play golf, g-o-l-f, and not to win any dressing contest."

Mrs. Bud McKay is the wife of Bud McKay who is a big public relations man in San Francisco who has a house near Cypress where me and Albie Vickary stayed as his guests during the Crosby. His real name is S. Curtis McKay but everyone out here calls him Bud which is a very popular name with businessmen on the West Coast. Bud was my partner in the Pro-Amateur part of the Crosby, and he is a real amateur who no one is ever going to accuse of hustling for dough, since he claims to be a 7-handicap golfer with a straight face but cuts across every ball like Demaret but not so good. He helped me only a total of eleven shots during our four rounds with his handicap strokes and he hurt me about twenty strokes because he thinks he is a whiz at golf technique and kept on coaching me

how to play nearly every shot. To get away from him and his kibitzing, I began to pull my drives down the left side on purpose so that after slicing his tee-shot and playing his second he couldn't cross the fairway quick enough to louse me up with his advice before I played my second. The only trouble was that sometimes I got too much draw on my drives trying to keep away from him and had to play my approaches out of the rough which is pretty matty, so I didn't have much stuff on the ball when it landed next to the pins, which is why I finished out of the money. Bud McKay asked me to come back as his partner for the Crosby next year. I guess this is like signing your own debt warrant but I said I would.

I am taking your advice and going easy on the night life and the feminine sex. This isn't easy for there are lots of women in this world who all they got to do is see a golf pro apparently and they would give the brush to Gregory Peck, or almost. As you saw from the papers, I finished tied for fourth at Tijuana, and you would have thought I was running some television show the way all those terrific-looking babes suddenly learn your name and start steking around and talking like they got no place else to go. Like I was telling Mrs. Bud McKay, who is a terrific-looking but more on the Joan Fontaine type and who also has got some brains to match being a veteran society girl from some place called Burlingame, I am steering clear of women this year because I am out here to win tournaments,

continued

g-o-l-f tournaments. I am not interested in getting into complicated relations with someone like Marian Haydock. I told you about Marian and how we went up to the Augusta Masters together from St. Pete last year where she ran into that smooth-talking advertising guy from Madison Avenue and later married him before she realized he was driving a rented Jaguar auto.

Bud McKay spent every night during the tournament hitting out practice balls at a driving range so I got to see a lot of Mrs. Bud McKay. To get my mind off the pressure, we would take out her Mercedes at night and go for a spin on the Seventeen Mile Drive. "That is even farther than I hit my drives—seventeen miles," I said to her in a joke one night. "I was afraid you would say that," she said, which is typical of Mrs. Bud McKay. She always has a real comeback. The difference between society women and other women, as I see it, is that they've got the old confidence like good putters.

She tells me I look corny in alpaca and should wear shetland sweaters which come from Shetland, Ireland, and is going to send me some.

Hope you enjoy yourself in Florida at your house there, Mr. Tabor

Yours golfingly
Harry Sprague
Ass't Pro, Otter Lake C.C.



Phoenix, Arizona
Jan. 31, 1939

Mr. Amos A. Tabor
"Dunhookin"
Red Snapper Isles
Florida

Dear Mr. Tabor,

What you said in your letter is true. I barely made the half-way cut at Thunderbird and finished way out of the money—and this week I missed the cut at San Diego by two shots—so maybe you were right when you said I should exchange types of driving with Mr. Bud McKay and let him take his wife out in the car at night and go out myself to the driving range. I

also appreciate that I didn't write enough about golf in my first letter and too much about the social life—and I will take your construction suggestion and get all of the social side out of the way right now and leave nothing but the golf for later.

You know how some of life's darkest moments come just before you get your teeth back again, Mr. Tabor? Well, yesterday night I was really way down in the dumps when I pulled into Phoenix after driving straight through from San Diego after not qualifying for the last 36 holes there. This morning I was feeling even dumber when I drove into the downtown area from the Bleached Bones Motel to look for a steno I could dictate a letter to you to. I've got to smile when I tell you this for Helene is going to be hearing this for the first time herself when she hears it now. Anyhow, after I locate the floor the public steno has her office on in a building in a new town, I always make it a point to open a couple of wrong doors to other offices on that floor—like I was making a mistake. You see, you never know if you'll bump into some really smooth number in one of those offices. Well, to make a long story short, in the first office I stumbled into on purpose this morning, a travel agency, there sits behind a desk sign which says Helene Dahlborg's beautiful blonde with a tan and a light blue dress who is a friendly blonde. No guy needs two stenos so here am I after some arrangements six hours later sitting in Helene Dahlborg's patio which goes with her apartment. I am dictating this letter to her and sitting back in my wicked chair and enjoying life—which never hurt anyone's golf since you have got to be relaxed.

I took a quick look today at the Arizona Country Club where we will be playing the Phoenix Open and the greens looked awfully erratic—which I was glad to see. This means no guy is going to putt himself in while the fellows who are really hitting it are losing ground because they are missing four-footers while the hot putters are sinking everything, even from off the greens. I was paired with Bob Rosburg one round at San Diego and I'll swear he only hit three greens and still broke 70. "Bob," I said to him, "you are last year's winner of the Vardon trophy for low average. You are the best wedge player I have ever seen and you can certainly putt. You deserve some trophy for scrambling

but anything but a trophy named after Harry Vardon who I hear was as smooth as Snead and never missed a green hardly ever."

"Harry," Bob says, moving his head up and down, you know how he does, "you are not the only fellow who's told me that. I can imagine Vardon would turn over in his grave if he saw my swing. Nevertheless, it's the best I can do and you fellows know yourselves that putting has always been part of golf and always will



be, or else I would be in bad shape."

Of course Bob is not all wrong. I was thinking the whole business of scoring over on the drive between San Diego and Phoenix—and what it comes down to is this. If a pro who is winning some big prize money is a good putter, all the other pros who are in a scoring slump insinuate he can do nothing but putt. They also insinuate they hit the ball much solidier than he does and if they putted even fair they would be around in nothing flat. So what happens? When they go off on a scoring streak themselves, do they ever get burned up when everyone else insinuates all they can do is putt—which everybody does. This is pretty evolved what with all these insinuations, Mr. Tabor, but it all boils down to this kettle of fish: You can't score without putting but you also have got to hit a lot of real golf shots out there. Am I right?

Now you take Art Wall who is playing like Gangbusters this year. Course he can putt but what they never tell you is Art is as strong an iron-player as there is on the tour. Lots of finesse too. And he can concentrate. He is an unusual pro, Art Wall—for a quiet guy he talks quite a bit but you somehow think of him as a quiet guy because when he isn't talking he looks like he has no intention to. He and Doug Ford came over to me on the practice green at Thunderbird and asked me if I would mind if they made a construction suggestion about my right hand position—the thumb should be more on top of the shaft. Well, that was very nice of them because before I had practically been

continued

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chilly-dipping my putts. I have been putting better since then but my stroke is still a little pushy so I am going to switch over to a heavier Bullseye here in Phoenix and stick some of that lead tape on back to give it extra weight—which a few of my pro colleagues are doing.

Helene just said to me that I am more of a philosopher than she suspected me to be about golf. I just



told her that if a guy is sitting with a friendly-type blonde on her patio at sunset time and she has just fixed him a couple of Diageos and he still doesn't feel like a philosopher, then, man, he's never going to feel like a philosopher. Am I right?

Your boy is ready to make his move. Watch me go now.

Yours golfingly,
Harry Sprague
Ass't Pro, Otter Lake C.C.

March 4, 1949

Mr. Amos A. Tabor
"Dunhookin"
Red Snapper Isles
Florida

Dear Mr. Tabor

You will see right off the real that I am writing this letter myself and not dictating it to a stenographer. I will explain. It is 5 weeks now since your boy has won any prize money to speak of for the little dribble I picked up at Tucson is nothing a veteran pro ought to mention. So I am economizing and cutting down on my expenses because like I told Helene Dahlborg a man has got to live within his income especially when you haven't any.

That is why as you can see from the printing at the top of this letter I am staying at the Sur-le-Bayou Motelle here in Baton Rouge. Its cheaper than the other motels because the pros speak only French but everything is okay since the Hebert boys speak French too and they came over and set things up. French is very easy to speak. All you have to say is "sar

var" the same way you would say okay and you are speaking French.

I appreciate (spelling?) your letter to me at Tucson in which you said my letter from Phoenix showed me with a new maturity. However your boy hasn't been feeling mature at all since I left Phoenix and I certainly haven't been playing mature golf. I've been playing like an old man. On the tour this year all my colleague pros are talking about releasing thru the ball. This is the big topic this year—releasing. And that is what I am not doing they tell me and why I am not hitting it and getting outdriven by colleague pros like Arnold Palmer and Paul Horney and Mike Souchak who I can usually outhit 5 to 10 yards without taking my full turn when I am on my game. I have noticed that a lot of the fellows are going back to these old drivers and I guess Sneed is still using that old relick he found in the hills of W. Virginia and getting good results. So I sent back to Walt Farmer and asked him to dig up the old tellerscope shaft driver I left at the driving range and make it out. It would be just like that jerkwater operator to bill me for steech but I am getting desprit and reaching (spelling?) for any straw that might break the camel's back.

Jim Turnesa says that is not my trouble. "You are releasing okay Harry" Jim told me at San Antonio "but you do not have the right tempermint." I asked Jim who is even more of a veteran than me since he is the oldest of 7 brothers who are all pros except Willy what he ment exactly. "You have got to be mean to win out here Harry" is what Jim said. "Pro golfers are awfully good sportsmen and there are few amateurs who are as honestly considert to each other as the pros are even if it has got to be dog eat dog in a pro golf tournament. Still Harry you got to be mean which means concentrating on your own game and forgetting about everyone else but yourself since this is what all top golfers have done since time in memoriam." So beginning tomorrow I am going to start getting mean and I am going to have to stop giving instruction tips to the fellows I am paired with or else charge them for a playing lesson.

You asked me to explain what the word chillydipper means which I used in my last letter. Its just one of those slang terms which my colleague pros are using on the tour this winter. When you have got a little wedge

flick from off the edge and insted of bittin the ball up close you only nudge it a few feet or even just lay the sod over it—that's a chillydipper. Dont ask me how the slang started. I asked Jim Ferree and he said he didnt know for sure but he thought it might be like compairing the stroke to the way a fellow at a restrant dips a spoon into a bowl of chilly. There are a batch of other new terms this year which the boys who like fancy lingo are going in for. For a sample if you hook or slice a drive deep into the woods and dont have any shot at all at the green you say "I put it in jail." Also if you have hit a big drive and as you walk down the fairway you see that your playing partners have outdrove you because there ball landed on a hard piece of ground and yours didnt—you yell over "Hey what com-preshun ball are you using." Another piece of lingo you hear is pros saying "This is a good driving course." All it really means is that they are driving good.



As soon as we begin to hit some real tracks with a lair of grass on them your boy will snap out of his slump like Gene Littler. Even tho you may think so these days when I am picking up so little change you are not backing a lemon in me Mr. Tabor. Like Julius Boros told me "Harry you got to be patient. Its just a matter of time before you will break thru. You are releasing it as good as anybody." Like I told Julius "Julius if Hogan had to wait 15 years before winning the Open I guess even a natural athlete like me has to wait a couple of years huh?"

Yours golfingly
Harry Sprague
Ass't Pro, Otter Lake C.C.

P.S. There's a lot of phycology (spelling?) in golf as you know Mr. Tabor. My old pal Albie Vickary was promoted to head pro at his club and since then he has been winning big chunks of prize money. Just a construction suggestion but has the idea of upping me to head pro at Otter Lake ever crost your mind?

NEXT WEEK

Harry Sprague gets in the money at Princeton, attends the Masters and has some more construction ideas.

It should be Sword Dancer's day

With Tomy Lee out of the Preakness for his and his owner's good reasons, the Derby runner-up looks best

MOST of the lively controversies revolving around recent renewals of the Preakness have had double centers of interest. First, naturally, came speculation over what would happen when the leading Kentucky Derby finishers sprang out for the next round. And then the physical differences between Pimlico—with its tight turns and short stretch and its total distance 1.16 of a mile shorter than the Derby route—and Churchill Downs gave both professional and amateur strategists full opportunity to envision a spectacular new ending

to the second of our 3-year-old Triple Crown classics.

Well, the 83rd Preakness coming up in the land of the Maryland crab cake this week is definitely going to have a different ending from the Lambeth Walk-type stretch dance at Louisville, in which English-bred Tomy Lee noosed out Sword Dancer. Tomy Lee, weary and light of flesh after his courageous victory, has gone home to California, leaving Sword Dancer as the obvious Preakness favorite. Furthermore, no longer will a short run home stand up as a valid excuse for

any future Preakness losers, for Pimlico has recently moved its finish line 220 feet farther down the track. The stretch now runs a total of 1,170 feet to make it the ninth longest in the country (longer, incidentally, than Belmont Park).

Naturally, it is a shame that Tomy Lee won't be on hand to defend his laurels as the reigning champion of his division and to aim at becoming the ninth horse in history to win the Triple Crown. When it was first announced that Tomy Lee was passing up the Preakness to return to his Hollywood Park home grounds, some critics were quick to put the finger on his stable for lack of sportsmanship. Considering that Owner Fred Turner Jr. and Trainer Frank Childs were sporting enough to ship Tomy Lee all the way from California to the East Coast last fall to challenge First Landing, such accusations now are stupid indeed. What has been overlooked by critics of Tomy Lee's managers is simple consideration for the colt and for the personal wishes of his owner. In the case of Tomy Lee the specific plan had always been to take dead aim on the Kentucky Derby. To achieve the victory, the colt was worked hard and raced hard. Somewhat unsound to begin with, Tomy Lee was hardly a picture of robust health the morning after the Derby, and some observers thought he looked sore. When I brought up the subject with Owner Turner last week, he was as frank as a man can be. "His three races in Kentucky in three weeks took a lot out of him, and after the Derby—although I maintain he was not sore or lame after the race—there seemed little point in going on with him and possibly doing the little horse some harm."

Turner also took time to clear up another point for those who persist in questioning his motives. "I don't give a damn for prestige or money. I don't want to exploit Tomy Lee or win the Triple Crown. The East hasn't been

continued

TRAINER ELLIOTT BURCH packs an ambitious 138 pounds totaled by sons Bill, 5, Danny, 7, and daughter Jan, 23 months, assisted in saddling up by her mother Phyllis. Sword Dancer, with Willie Shoemaker up, carries 12 pounds less in the 83rd Preakness.



particularly good to me [a reference to Tomy Lee's disqualification in last year's Champagne]. I want to run Tomy Lee where I want to and when I want to—and nothing more."

If one criticizes owners and trainers for the seemingly contagious practice of overracing horses to reap the rewards of inflated purses, then it seems only fair to commend an owner who recognizes that his horse needs a well-earned rest instead of another immediate try at a winner's check. Tomy Lee is in good hands.

So is the Derby runner-up Sword Dancer, and if there's anything about to run by this little Brookmeade Stable color-bearer in the Preakness, that colt is going to have to be as fit as they come and as game as a treed coon. The season's best "classic" type runner may as yet not have appeared on the national scene, but until he does—and until Tomy Lee re-enters the picture—Sword Dancer must stand as the most likely prospect to gain further acclaim. In this topsyturvy 3-year-old year, when few of the leaders seem capable of winning two major races in succession, it is apparent that most trainers have pointed for one big stake and then taken chances that their horses would remain fresh and fit for whatever was to follow. Thus it was, for example, that Troilus was at the very peak of condition for his victory in the Flamingo at Hialeah. The same applied to Easy Spur in the Florida Derby and Manassa Mauler in the Wood Memorial. However, when Tomy Lee set a track record for seven furlongs at Keeneland, then won the Blue Grass there in near-record time only nine days before winning the Derby, it marked the perfect example of one way to keep a horse fit and keen over a period of time.

PATIENT SCHEDULE

Whereas in Tomy Lee's case Trainer Frank Childs chose hard work and actual racing to maintain that edge, Brookmeade Stable all season long has chosen the alternate route of light work and few races for Sword Dancer. From the time, 10 years ago, when he first went to work for his father, Preston, as a 25-year-old eager-to-learn assistant Brookmeade trainer, Elliott Burch discovered that rarely are two horses trained exactly the same. "My father taught me," said Elliott the other afternoon (taking a well-earned

breather from a roughhouse with his three children outside his Floral Park, N.Y. house), "that you should train a horse the way the horse likes to be trained. With Sword Dancer, who is a keen, nervous horse, I learned in Florida that he doesn't particularly like fast works, and in order to avoid long works which might tend to dull his natural speed, I concentrated on a methodical program of trying to pick up speed and distance at the same time. It may sound strange, but the farthest Sword Dancer ever worked to retain his speed was one mile; his heart carries him the rest of the way. With him the only problem was keeping fit once we knew we had him fit. He's fit now to run to the Rocky Mountains."

The problem with a colt like Sword Dancer, who has a tremendous burst of speed, is to know precisely when to apply this speed. In both the Florida and Kentucky derbies, for example, the final results might have been different had Sword Dancer's jockeys saved their best kicks for the final quarter instead of pushing the throttle before the turn for home. "Actually," says Burch, "he hasn't really been rated this year, and I think with Shoemaker on him in the Preakness we'll see him rated so he has the same finishing kick as anyone else. For I know this colt can use his speed anywhere."

Sword Dancer's natural speed notwithstanding, this race won't be his without a struggle. That struggle may come from First Landing, Royal Orbit, King Ranch's Black Hills or even from Emil Dolce's Manassa Mauler. As for First Landing, his trainer and jockey, Casey Hayes and Eddie Arcaro, feel his third-place finish in the Derby was not as bad as it looked to bettors who sent him off as the 7-to-2 favorite. "It was the first time ever," says Hayes, "that he got off to such a slow start. We had bad luck for a lot of the running after that."

"Unless he just doesn't want to run," adds Arcaro, "there's only one excuse for the way he ran in the Derby. The long wait in the gate—he was third into the gate of the 17 runners and waited nearly four minutes before the actual start—made him relax too much, and although he broke all right he just didn't get to running like he always has. A lot of people are giving up on this dude. I'm not giving up on him yet. First Landing has a hell of a shot at the Preakness. He could have a lot to say about it, believe me."

END



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The Midwest has it

The heart of U.S. track has moved east, but the voice remains in California

AT THE far western edge of the North American continent, separated from the effete East and the rest of the United States by mountains, deserts and inclination, lies a never-never land called California. It is inhabited by Kim Novak, two professional football teams, two professional baseball teams, sundry sunbaked residents and the fastest spring runners on the continent. The sun shines on all of these people most of the time and life is pleasant and only an occasional rumor of unrest seeps over the mountains to disturb the equanimity of the residents. When this happens, usually the residents turn over, spread another layer of suntan oil on a brown epidermis, and contemplate the navel of a California orange. Only when the news from across the mountains intimates that 1) the sun shines as bright in Florida or elsewhere, 2) more is happening in New York, or 3) somewhere someone can run faster than a Californian are the suntanned natives of the Pacific slopes markedly aroused.

They take justifiable pride in their track and field talent. The University of Southern California in Los Angeles has doubtless, year in and year out, the strongest track team in the country. Unfortunately, the USC track team suffers now and again for the sins of the USC football team and so is ineligible to prove its strength in the NCAA championships. However, unnoticed by the rank and file of track fanatics in southern California, the balance of track strength has gradually shifted back over the mountains and across the desert into the vast Midwest. When this was hinted at in SI (May 4), the Californians cast aside their suntan oil, threw away the oranges and hollered loud and long (see 197th HOLE). The gist of their complaint was that SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED had, as one critic put it very pleasantly, "buried its nose in a Martini and never looked west of the Hudson River."

Jack Tobin, a knowledgeable track writer who works for the *Los Angeles Times*, reported that California track nuts (sic) expect to see their state provide more members for the U.S. team against Russia than all the rest of the United States put together.

VIEW FROM THE EAST

Well, from east of the mountains it looks different. Judging by past and current performances, the University of Kansas has the strongest track team in the country and it would be the strongest track team even if USC were not on probation. In Bill Alley, Ernie Shelby and Charlie Tidwell the Kansans have three nearly certain first-place winners, and for the first time Coach Bill Easton has depth to match even the vaunted USC depth. The Trojans won the NCAA competition last year, beating Kansas by 8 points, but won only one outright first place in doing so.

In AAU competition, which will determine the personnel of the U.S. team against Russia, the outlook for California is not nearly so bright as it appears to the people on the sunny side of the mountains. It seems unlikely that the Pacific Coast will provide anything like half of the team, considering that only first- and second-place winners in the AAU national championships will be included.

Among the men that the Pacific Coast will probably provide are Charlie Dumas in the high jump; Max Truex and Jim Grelle in the distance races; Dallas Long (of Phoenix, Ariz.) and Parry O'Brien in the shot; Rink Babka in the discus; Bud Held in the javelin; possibly Ernie Cunniff of Stanford in the half mile; and Rafer Johnson in the decathlon. The sprints are dominated by Texans, except for San Jose State's Ray Norton, a native of Tulsa, the quarter by one Texan (Eddie Southern) and a trio of Midwesterners (Glenn Davis, Dave



ERNE SHELBY, Kansas' great jumper, captains team favored for NCAA title.

Mills and Willie Atterberry). Ed Moran of Penn State appears to be the best native-bred miler. In the javelin, Kansas' Alley is far and away ahead of his competition. A pair of Oklahoma State pole vaulters both cleared 15 feet May 2, and Don Bragg, the ex-Villanovan, is in the best form of his career, with a world indoor record to his credit already. California's Bob Gutowski is the world record holder but has been off form. The hammer is the exclusive bailiwick of Harold Connolly, a Bostonian who is now living in California. Davis, Southern and a relative newcomer from New Mexico named Dick Howard are the class of the 400-meter-hurdles field, and the other hurdle races are paced by Southerners and by Kansas' Tidwell.

All in all, the Californians' claim that they will place more than half of the members of the U.S. team is farfetched indeed.

In the AAU meet last year 14 West Coast athletes qualified for the 41-man U.S. team which competed against Russia in Moscow. It's doubtful that the Pacific Coast can match that one-third ratio this year, let alone reach 50%.

END



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A refresher on opening leads

THIS exercise is designed, so to speak, for the high-handicap player and is not apt to be troublesome to those who have mastered the art of putting backspin on their pitches to the green. So much stress on the subject of the opening lead may appear extravagant until it is pointed out that in my original treatise on the play of the cards, over 15,000 words were devoted to the subject of the opening lead alone.

Since it is difficult to offer a complete codification in anything smaller than a rather thick book, I shall attempt to reduce my advice to capsule form, setting forth a few of the pitfalls one is apt to encounter in this phase of the game.

A great many contracts hinge upon the proper choice of the opening salvo. The opening lead is not always a privilege; indeed, it can prove to be a burden, for example, when one leads away from an honor which is not part of a sequence. The old bromide "never lead away from a king" (more honored in the breach than the observance) applies with equal force to the queen or the jack. In other words the best lead is apt to be the top of a complete sequence.

Generally speaking, one should not waste a shot in the development of a hopeless hand. Suppose on lead against a no-trump contract you have

the doubtful pleasure of holding:
 ♠ 5 7 6 4 2 ♥ 10 9 7 ♦ 6 5 3 ♣ 8 2

You may as well regard your hand as dead and, abandoning the spade suit, turn your thoughts toward contributing to partner's campaign. The best you can do is to provide some sort of launching pad for him by leading the 10 of hearts in the hope that this will give him a start in the race for tricks. The heart suit is selected because the 10 and 9 may prove useful whereas the diamond holding has less to offer.

LEADING PARTNER'S SUIT

A large segment of the bridge-playing public labors under the delusion that one must always lead the highest of partner's suit. This is not always sound advice. If you have two cards of the suit, lead the higher. From three worthless cards the practice is to lead the highest (although there is a school of players that leads low even from three worthless cards). My own recommendation is to lead the top of three worthless cards. Where you have a sequence you lead the top, but where you have four of your partner's suit the lowest is the proper opening.

Now take this situation:
 ♠ 6 2 ♥ K 5 4 3 ♦ Q J 10 4 ♣ 7 5
 Your partner has bid hearts, and the opponents reach a final contract

in spades. The proper lead is the queen of diamonds. You have too many hearts to expect to derive any defensive tricks from that suit, and diamonds offer a better prospect.

One should be wary of leading a suit which he has forced his partner to bid by doubling. For example:
 ♠ Q J 9 4 ♥ A Q 2 ♦ A Q 5 4 ♣ 8 5

You have doubled an opening bid of one club, and partner has responded with one heart. Against the opponent's final contract it is not recommended that you lead a heart; the likelihood of the king being in the declarer's hand is considerable. The preferred lead is the queen of spades.

THE SINGLETON LEAD

A question frequently propounded to this department is "What do you think of a singleton lead?" The answer depends upon circumstances. The singleton lead has the disadvantage of revealing the distribution of the suit to the declarer, but sometimes circumstances make such a lead mandatory.

The condition for a singleton lead is ideal when the opener has a sure trump trick, to prevent declarer from running off with the hand. Then he should have some surplus trumps. And the prospect is improved when partner has bid so that there is a reasonable expectancy of putting him back into the lead to obtain the ruff.

The lead of a singleton should be avoided when you are strong in trumps. We follow the rule not to lead a singleton when we have four or more trumps. We concentrate on forcing the declarer to use his trumps.

The lead of a singleton king comes high on the list of our personal anathemas. The singleton king has much better than an even chance of winning a trick if you play possum.

This department does not favor the indiscriminate lead of aces. The theory we hold is that aces were meant to capture kings and queens. When

A BASIC TABLE FOR OPENING LEADS

HOLDING IN SUIT	AGAINST NO TRUMP	AGAINST TRUMP SIDE	HOLDING IN SUIT	AGAINST NO TRUMP	AGAINST TRUMP SIDE
A K Q x x x	A	K	K Q 10 x x	K	K
A K Q x x	K	K	K Q 7 4 3	4	K
A K J x	K	K	J 10 9 x x	J	J
A K J x x	K	K	A 10 7 4 3	7	A
A K J x x x	A	K	A J 10 9 3	J	A
A x x x x	K	K	A 10 9 7 3	10	A
A K x x x	x	K	K J 10 7 3	J	J
A Q J x x	Q	A	K 10 9 7 3	10	10

led they are apt to absorb nothing more than a deuce or a troy.

THE TRUMP LEAD

The trump is frequently led when all other choices are embarrassing. On the other hand, it may be led as a strictly offensive move when it is suspected that the dummy will have a singleton or a void in a side suit. This diagnosis may be reached in cases where declarer has tried to play the hand in no trump, but the dummy has returned to declarer's suit.

LEADS AGAINST DOUBLED CONTRACTS

When the contract is no trump, doubled by partner, you are obliged to lead the suit you or your partner has bid, regardless of how unattractive this lead may appear from your own hand. But if your side has made no bid, a double calls for the lead of the first suit bid by dummy.

When partner has doubled a slam it is a conventional command to lead the dummy's suit rather than partner's or your own.

OPENING LEAD QUIZ

1 As South you hold:

♠ K Q J 4	♥ Q	♦ Q J 9 3	♣ A K 4 2
EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1 ♥	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS

What do you lead?

2 As South you hold:

♠ K Q J 7 6	♥ J 10 9	♦ 2	♣ K 6 5 3
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♠	1 ♠	1 N.T.	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS

What do you lead?

3 As South you hold:

♠ J 10 8 7	♥ A Q J	♦ 4 3	♣ A Q 10 9
EAST	NORTH	WEST	NORTH
1 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS	1 ♥
3 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

What do you lead?

4 You are West and hold each of the following hands. The bidding has proceeded:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 N.T.	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

What is your opening lead?

- A ♠ A K 6 4 3 ♥ K 5 4 ♦ Q 3 2 ♣ J 5
 B ♠ K Q J 7 ♥ A 4 ♦ J 8 7 6 3 ♣ 6 2
 C ♠ A Q 6 5 3 ♥ 8 7 ♦ Q J 10 9 ♣ 4 2
 D ♠ A Q 5 3 ♥ 8 6 ♦ A Q 9 6 ♣ 5 7 4

FOR QUIZ ANSWERS, TURN PAGE



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CARDS continued

GOREN'S ANSWERS

1 Queen of hearts. When partner passed your takeout double he announced that he expected to beat the contract of one heart and that his trumps were as good or better than those held by the adversaries. In a sense, you have become the declarers in a heart contract, and you should start drawing the enemy trumps. In this way you will prevent them from using small hearts to ruff your good tricks. When partner has passed your takeout double, a trump lead is almost an invariable rule.

2 The 2 of diamonds. The lead of partner's suit is mandatory when he has doubled a final contract in no trump. In the absence of the double you would lead the king of spades, but when partner has doubled he insists that you make the expected lead which, as he views it, is a diamond.

3 Jack of spades. Extreme caution should be exercised in the lead of a suit which one has forced partner to bid. The chance that declarer holds the king of hearts is not at all remote; it is more than likely that partner has been forced to bid hearts with a holding containing no high honor.

4A The 4 of spades. It would be poor tactics to lead the king. It is better to give up a trick to the opponents in the hope that your partner will still retain a spade to return if he gets in, enabling you to run the remainder of the suit if it is favorably distributed for your side.

4B King of spades. The solidity of the spade suit makes it the preferred choice over the longer diamond suit.

4C The 5 of spades. While the queen of diamonds offers the safest lead, the lead of a spade is more apt to bring about the defeat of the contract. Here again, we cheerfully offer one trick to the opponents in the sense of an investment. It is hoped that partner will win a trick and return a spade.

4D The recommended lead is the 8 of clubs. We try, as far as is practical, to avoid leading from four-card suits headed by the major tenace (A-Q). Generally, the three-card suit is preferred to the doubleton when making a so-called innocuous lead against no trump.

END

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FOOD / *Mary Frost Mabon*

Sam Morse makes a rarebit

Photograph by Louise Dehl-Wolfe

MY FATHER used to make this dish when I was a boy in Newton, Massachusetts," said Sam Morse, as he got together the ingredients for a Welsh rarebit in the gleaming kitchen of his new house at Pebble Beach (see above). The kitchen windows overlook the first hole of the Pebble Beach golf course and provide a breathtaking view of the Pacific through fringes of tall Monterey pines. It was an appropriate backdrop for the man who is responsible more than any other for the development of the Monterey Peninsula, 140 miles south of San Francisco, as one of the world's great settings for golf.

In the presence of Sam Morse, ruddy of complexion, twinkling of eye, vigorous as a man of 40, it is hard to project one's thoughts back over all the years to the boyhood of which he spoke, hard to believe that this man

continued

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DOBBS

PLAYHOUSE

9th

could have captained the Yale football team way back in the year 1906, and that California first felt the impact of his extraordinary vitality when he arrived here to seek his fortune in 1907. In those days people used to exclaim when they saw his full signature, Samuel F. B. Morse, and ask the inevitable question, Yes, he is a grandnephew of the inventor. Today Californians have pretty well forgotten about the father of the telegraph; a reference to Samuel F. B. Morse indicates more often than not the colorful citizen—now 75 years old—who rules like a feudal prince over the fabulous Del Monte properties, comprising the larger part of the Monterey Peninsula.

These properties, which Morse controls as chief stockholder, include 100 miles of roads, 90 miles of bridle paths and no less than five golf courses. (The annual Crosby Invitational Tournament is played over three of these—the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, Cypress Point and Pebble Beach.) "The finest meeting place of land and water in existence" was the way Robert Louis Stevenson described the peninsula after a visit. This was before the first golf course was established here in 1897—it is now part of the Del Monte Country Club course—and long before the modern era of golf as a great national pastime. In the latter part of the 19th century, undeveloped land on the Monterey Peninsula sold at \$5 an acre. Today an acre of land in Sam Morse's domain is worth a minimum of \$4,000.

A friend described Morse some years ago as "a complete extrovert; he thinks from the skin out. He likes to eat, he likes to drink, he likes to pick a fight. . . ." The description I found to be only partly accurate. The zest for living is there, all right, undiminished by the fact that he now is a great-grandfather. But so is a surprising sensitivity—evidenced by the agreeable landscapes in oils that he paints as a hobby and by his advanced accomplishments in the culinary art.

The lovely house at Pebble Beach which he occupies with his third wife, Maurne, was designed by Honolulu architect Albert Ely Ives in that contemporary Hawaiian style, greatly influenced by the Oriental, which seems exactly right for a California setting.



PLAYING HOST TO IKE at Cypress Point Club in 1956, Samuel F. B. Morse chats with his distinguished guest, who had just tested Monterey Peninsula golf course.

Mrs. Morse herself is a skilled decorator, and I had a charming impression of flower-filled patios, gold-colored screens, brilliant cushions and flocks of delicately hovering Japanese maids. The kitchen is an absolute dream of view windows, "peninsula" counters, waist-high ovens and broilers, lavender-gray Formica surfaces and specially designed wall tiles with lavender squiggles on them. There is also a large mirror. "I have always insisted on this," said Morse. "Do you know, the cook cooks better if she knows she looks well!"

He explained that he had a wonderful cook here and only made Welsh rarebit occasionally for his friends when she was out. At his ranch in the Carmel Valley things were different. Here the Morses give spectacular parties, with Sam taking over all the cooking. Lucky guests are surprised with such delicacies as boned wild boar flattened out and cooked over a barbecue pit, basted with honey and butter. Or the day's dish might be wild duck which has been marinated in red wine and shallots, or tenderloins of beef that have been treated to Madeira and mustard. The Morse pancakes, thin as crepes, are perhaps his masterpiece. "The trouble is," he says, "they go like wildfire, and I'm never able to get any to eat myself."

But to return to that Welsh rarebit (or Welsh rabbit, if you prefer, which

is believed to be the original name for this simple English savory):

"I wise people up constantly about this dish," said Mr. Morse. "I mean how not to make it stringy. Cheese must be melted over low heat, of course, and the mixture must be stirred constantly and removed from the fire as soon as possible. You may use a double boiler or a chafing dish. I have a beautiful bronze one that '21' gave me (see color picture), but I am often too lazy to use it because I can make Welsh rarebit even in a frying pan. The eggs make the dish somewhat foolproof, and the beer makes it the authentic article. Remember, though, the great danger is overcooking."

Here is the specific recipe according to Sam Morse.

WELSH RAREBIT (for four)

Take 1 1/2 pounds of yellow rat cheese—the kind that comes in wheels—or else aged cheddar or, in the West, Tillamook cheese. Cut into thin slices or grate coarsely. Put a thick pat of butter in your chafing dish or double boiler to melt slowly. Stir in the cheese and continue stirring over low heat. When the cheese is almost completely melted, pour in a quarter of a bottle of beer (4 ounces) and stir rapidly. As it heats, add two slightly beaten raw eggs and, beating vigorously, a dash of Worcestershire sauce and a sprinkling of paprika. Remove from fire and pour over hot toast. **END**

MOSBACHER BROTHERS

Continued from page 11

emblematic of the national junior championship, and at Dartmouth he twice won the McMillan Cup and the intercollegiate title.

It was after the war that Bus really hit his stride as a racing skipper. He served in the Navy, seeing action aboard the minesweeper *Kernan*, participating in the invasions of the Marshall Islands and Leyte, and finishing, after a stint as naval aide to the governor of the Virgin Islands, as an admiral's aide. Golf interested him for a while (he brought his game down to the mid-70s), but in 1949 sailing claimed him again. He went to Beemund to sail a team race with Corny Shields and Bill Cox, and followed this by cleaning up at Cowes in the team races for the British-American Cup, sailing Lee Loomis' and Herman Whiton's 6-meter *Luxorio*. In the fall he was back on Long Island Sound in an International, and won five out of eight starts against what was generally conceded to be the hottest group of skippers around.

"Sailing Internationals was learn-

ing the hard way," he recalls. "In those boats, one mistake and you had had it." One reason was that the opposition featured the names of Corny Shields, Arthur Knapp and Bill Cox, three men who thoroughly rounded out Bus Mosbacher's education in the art of racing.

"Corny Shields," he says, "is certainly one of the ablest of tacticians, and no man has ever been a better or more consistent starter. He has a wonderful background of seamanship and a wonderful knowledge of the weather. Corny never gets into trouble or makes bad errors or does anything silly. If you hoped to win a championship, Corny was the man to beat. Art Knapp might win more races, but where Knapp would take three firsts and an eighth, Corny would take three seconds and a third.

"Art Knapp taught me a great deal about sailing to windward and keeping moving in light airs. He can perhaps sail closer to the wind than anyone. He has a marvelous feel for a boat, a great natural ability, plus great attention to detail. Bill Cox also has great attention to detail, but of a different kind. Bill is more

mathematical. I learned a lot from him about the minutiae of tacking and rigging."

A friendly and modest man by nature, Bus is perhaps taking less than due credit for his own talents, which were now reaching full flower. Beginning with 1950, he won the season championship of the International class for eight straight years. In six of those same eight years he also won the Yacht Racing Association Championship, losing once to Shields and once to Arthur Knapp, both of whom were to be rival helmsmen in the 1958 America's Cup trials. And in 1956 he was runner-up in the Mallory Cup finals, losing by a narrow margin to Ted Hood of Marblehead, Mass.

Bob's first competition came at age 9 when he crewed for his father on an Interclub sloop, forerunner of the Internationals. He skippered his first race in a Comet. "I don't remember the result," he says, "but I sure wasn't near the top." Reflectively he adds, "One of the great things about young kids sailing is they get beaten pretty regularly when they're getting started. Adversity becomes second nature. I don't know what it did in my case, but normally losing should build character: if you don't want to follow the fleet home all the time, maybe you work a little harder and learn a little faster."

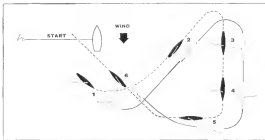
YOUNG SKIPPER

As a skipper 11 years old when taking over the Star, Bob remembers a piece of brotherly advice. "Bus pointed out an older boy as the one to watch in the race. In my inexperience I thought if I followed behind him I'd be all right. I stayed close astern all the way, which was an inexcusable blunder because I got backwinded. I probably couldn't do it again if I tried, but I still finished second. It was a case of being stupid and getting away with it."

Within a couple of years Bob had won the midget championship of the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association, plus a Snipe class regatta in Florida. At 14 and again at 17 he won the Atlantic class championship. In 1944 he won the Manhasset Bay Race Week and the Bermuda Trophy of the International class, repeating the latter victory in '48.

After the war Bob opened the oil and gas branch of the family business in Houston. He now directs an office crew of 18 and estimates he has an additional 20 or 30 people in the

BUS ON MATCH RACING STARTS



In match race-start, Bus (black) applies cardinal rule of always staying between opponent and next mark. If rival (white) attempts Vanderbilt start, black stymies him by jumping on his tail as white begins preparatory run (1) away from line. If white tries to hold to Vanderbilt formula, black follows him to turning point, lets white get slight overlap to windward on return run, then leads white back to line, luffing to upset white's timetable and ultimately crossing starting line ahead of white. If white tries to escape by starting to tack (2), black stays between white and line by luffing head to wind (rules forbid white from then completing tack).

White may then bear off sharply, but Black turns inside him, coming close alongside (3) and preventing white from jibing. Should white by quick maneuvering manage to complete jibe (4), black jibes inside (5). If white at this point has sufficient overlap to luff black, white will, according to rules, lose luffing rights as soon as his mast comes abreast of black's helm. Should white then manage to slip inside black (6), black still has advantage, since he can once again ruin white's timetable by luffing, or subject white to final indignity of running him onto wrong side of committee boat. White must then return to line while black races on to first mark.

field. He married a Tennessee girl, Jane Pennybucker, and they have four children, three girls and a boy, ranging in age from 10 to 2 years. For the first few years in Texas, Bob never went near the water. But fate had sent him to an active yachting center, and he began racing a 20-foot Corinthian class sloop, designed by Sparkman & Stephens, which he describes as "a stiff keel Lightning." Now he maintains "a large fleet of tiny boats—the Corinthian, a Sailfish, a Teal for the children, and half interest in a 5.5-meter sloop."

Although fierce competitors, intent on victory with the concentration common to outstanding performers, the brothers are genial and relaxed ashore. Both are quiet in manner and speech—Bob seems to be developing a bit of Texas drawl—and dress conservatively. Neither is the swashbuckling, sheath-knife, blow-me-down type of yachtsman. Bus, with a height of 6 feet and weight of 190, is huskier than his younger brother. Modesty about their achievements is so ingrained that in writing this article I had some difficulty prying loose anything resembling a record of their vic-

tories. In both cases, it seemed almost embarrassing to ask if a specific event had been won, although Bob replied with a grin to my question as to which races he had enjoyed most, "Haven't you always found the best races are the ones you won?"

OLD MASTERS

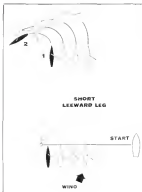
Both brothers have made their contributions to the art of yacht racing (see diagrams), but Bus must be credited with a masterful refinement of match-race starts that seems to have ended forever the usefulness of the famous "Vanderbilt start" (SI, Oct. 15, '56) in boat-to-boat competition. Of almost universal application in match racing, the Mosbacher system last summer time and again threatened to carry the day for Vim, the old stalwart, in her thrilling series against the crack new *Columbia* and her great crew.

The Vanderbilt start, based on a strict time-and-distance formula—reaching away from the line with the true wind abeam, turning at the precisely measured instant and tacking or jibing to get back on the tack of

continued

BOB ON FLEET RACING STARTS

If start is to leeward and first leg is short (below), Bob (black boat) favors windward end of line so he will have the inside position as he approaches the mark (1) and can take the lead rounding the mark (2). On long leeward leg (right) Bob starts with wind free at leeward end of line, then speeds up by sailing closer to wind (1) to lead rivals in dash for mark (2).



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MOSSBACHER BROTHERS continued

the watch—was essentially static and passive, having as its aim the arrival on the line with the gun. By contrast, Bus Mossbacher's tactic is opportunistic and fluid, an aggressive method of controlling an opponent through application of the racing rules. "No two situations are ever quite the same," Bus explains, "but the main objective is to get between your opponent and the starting line, being in position to lead him back to the line on the final run without being early."

To achieve this, Mossbacher planned all his maneuvers to place *Vix* on the stern of his rival during the preliminary jockeying. When the position was attained made little difference—perhaps when the other helmsman was timing a run of the line, perhaps when he was checking his watch against a committee boat signal, perhaps when he attempted to apply the Vanderbilt formula. In the latter case, as the other boat was following a predictable pattern, it became a sitting duck: *Vix* had merely to place herself behind on the leg away or ahead on the return. Once *Vix* had gotten in place, through precise timing and application of the racing rules, Bus Mossbacher was literally in the driver's seat of both boats (see diagram). *Vix* had her opponent on the defensive, psychologically as well as tactically.

MOSSBACHER VS. MOSSBACHER

Yet Bus was not always so good in prerace maneuvering. In fact, according to Bob, "it is odd he should have got to be the best starter, as starting was his first weakness. He was cautious, although he always had a wonderful sense of timing. And from what I hear, his fleet starts are as good as in match racing."

Bob, to date, has had little opportunity for match competition. Yet he perhaps might be a serious rival for his older brother in the vital departments of starts, helmsmanship and tactics. Bus and Bob have raced against each other only seldom; they admit to "a series of match races," but add "no one will ever know the result, not even Dad." Last spring, sailing the trial horse *Gleam*, Bob faced Bus in *Vix* in a rare encounter. "He had an older, slower boat than *Vix*," says Bus, "and a partially pickup crew, but Bob gave us plenty of trouble at the line practicing starts and on short windward-leeward

courses." And the official booklet of the North American Yacht Racing Union, describing the Mallory Cup events last year, begins by reporting: "Never headed from the first gun, and winning four of the eight races, Robert Mossbacher . . . was undisputed winner. . . ." To be described as "undisputed winner" of the top national sailing championship by its staid sponsors is more than an honor: it is downright phenomenal.

The most fascinating aspect of close competition to Bob, and one in which he is perhaps the outstanding expert, is the challenge presented by the rounding of each mark in a closed-course race (see diagrams). As he says, "Getting around a mark in a fleet of eight or 28 boats makes all the difference in the world. The guy who is outside at the leeward turn is dead—he will have to come up through the whole group to do anything after that. I don't know how good I am at marks, but it is some of the best fun in racing."

Thus, for Bob the most satisfying and exciting moment in the 1958 Mallory Cup races came in one of the final events, when he was leading in points with Norman Freeman and Lloyd Emory, his closest competitors in the over-all standings. The three arrived at a leeward mark together, Bob about a quarter length behind Emory but half a length ahead of Freeman. In the final split second Bob realized Emory would turn slightly wide. Diving for the narrow opening which suddenly appeared between boat ahead and buoy, he squeezed through to windward. By huffing a bit as he rounded he not only nipped Emory but had Freeman in the backwind of both. Of such fleeting moments are the most rewarding competitive memories made.

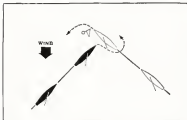
Where the brothers will go from here neither is able to say. Bob, having with his Co-owner Lawrence Reed recently given their Norwegian-built 5.5-meter *Corinto* to the Sea Scouts, is considering a new boat in the same class, from the board of Bill Luders. Meanwhile, he has his Texas Corinthian Championship to defend against a group of Galveston Bay hot-shots, to say nothing of the Mallory Cup crown, and a parcel of children to keep sailing.

Bus still lives in the house in White Plains he knew as a child. He is married to the former Patricia Ryan of New York—"my mother and my

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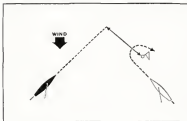
BOB ON ROUNDING WINDWARD MARKS

Greatest blunder is approaching port hand marker on port tack



Boat on the port tack (black) approaching windward mark to be left to port is sitting duck for boat on starboard tack (white). Rules say port tack must give way to starboard tack, so white simply holds course, forcing black to veer off and pass behind him. Black thus loses perhaps two lengths in rounding the mark.

Overstanding starboard hand mark opens gate to port tack boat



Black boat on port tack approaching the marker to be left to starboard has chance if he overstands or aims $1\frac{1}{2}$ boat lengths above mark. White, on starboard tack, thus has room to round mark inside black, ordinarily correct move but in this case disastrous (see below) if black times his countermove as he should.

Port tack boat rounds mark wide, takes starboard's wind



If white boat makes conventional move of rounding mark inside of black, then black can slowly bear off, leaving white just enough room to turn mark. As black bears off, he lets out sails, increasing speed, while white loses some of his speed in coming about. Once around the mark, black is sitting squarely on white's wind.

White counters by overshooting but black slips inside



If white anticipates black's move, white may then try to counter by overshooting or sailing past mark, hoping to force black to go about and head away from the mark. In this case black lets white come on, then slips behind him (slowing if necessary) close to buoy and emerges several boat lengths in front, with wind clear.

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MOSEBACHER BROTHERS continued

father and my wife are the only people I know who were born in New York City," he says—and now he has three boys coming along: Emil III, age 7; Richard Bruce, 6; and John D., 2½. While Bus will remain loyal to closed-course racing as exemplified by the International class on home waters, he is becoming increasingly fascinated by ocean racing. Torn, he hopes to do "as much of both as time permits."

Both brothers are trying to interest their children in sailing, but without pushing them too hard. Emil senior says of his successful sons, "They can't remember whether they had a knife and fork in their hands first or a tiller." The indoctrination of the next generation is more gradual, perhaps because the respective fathers are too busy winning and defending championships to devote as much time to teaching.

But the new generation is not being neglected, and both Bob and Bus have positive ideas on bringing up children to be sailors. Down on Galveston Bay, Bob's daughter Diane, 10, and Robert Jr., 8, race their Teal three days a week, taking turns being skipper. Late many workday afternoons and early weekend mornings, father Bob is on hand to coach. "I don't spend quite as much time at it as my father did," Bob says, "but I hope I am doing the same thing. At any rate, I find to Dad's amusement that I am as impatient with them as he was with us. But they both seem to be coming along pretty well."

"I think children can start understanding the basic principles of sailing at 7," Bob continues. "Then I think they ought to be taught the various parts of the boat and the fundamentals of sailing before they are allowed to do too much, just as football players must first learn the fundamentals of blocking and tackling. There isn't much glamour to this part of it—again as in football—and it's a matter of pounding it in. But after a year of crewing and learning, the child should be ready for his own dinghy or Sailerfish. Nothing teaches as rapidly as handling a boat yourself."

Bus seems inclined to take a more relaxed view. Last winter he bought a Dyer Dhow for his children. ("You can learn more about racing in one afternoon in a dinghy than you can in a season in a cruising class. The boats are light and sensitive and mistakes are obvious"), and he is trying

to "indoctrinate without forcing" his brood. "You should wait until they show an interest," he says. "For example, something struck me the other day when we went sightseeing with the children. While we were seeing the sights, what were they seeing? People's knees. If we take the kids out when we are racing *Saxon*, what do they see from the cockpit? A patch of blue sky and the cockpit coaming. Once, in a not too important race, I had them with me and let them run all over the boat and they enjoyed



ROUNDING LEeward MARK. Bob (black) approaches side of mark, then turns inside white opponent, who looms large by starting his turn too close to the buoy.

that. But you can't let them do it during an important race.

"As far as letting them sail, though, they can sail as soon as they can swim. I would let them sail alone as soon as they have a sense of responsibility. When I say alone I mean you should be somewhere around where you can keep an eye on them. I would let them steer when they are 3 or 4."

Either way, Mosbacher children of both families seem to take to their training and like what they learn. On his most recent birthday Bus received from his boys a half-model of *Saxons* (a name derived from Snow and Saxon), the International sailed by the family in the summer. Attached was a plaque engraved: "To our helmsman." It is a role that both Bus and Bob will certainly be fulfilling for some time to come, particularly when another America's Cup challenge is received—an event which might conceivably, and at long last, bring both Mosbachers face to face right out in the public eye. **END**

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YOU CAN'T SCOUT DESIRE

So said Joe Devine, the late Yankee scout who signed Ed Cereghino as a \$74,000 bonus baby. Now Cereghino has proved Devine was correct by giving up baseball for college

by MARK HARRIS

FOR Yankee Farmhand Edward James Cereghino, sitting chewing 18¢ Beech-Nut tobacco in the San Francisco suburbs, winter was a season devoted to the diagnosis and cure of a case of benign schizophrenia, aggravated by a compound fracture of the ego and recurring attacks of acute conscience.

Sometimes he thought maybe he could write it down. At 3 o'clock on winter mornings, "free as a breeze," his best ideas flowed, and he wrote them down in longhand. When daylight came he typed them up and put the commas in.

Sometimes he walked alone on the diamond at Daly City's Jefferson High, where in June 1951 he had graduated. A week later the New York Yankees had paid him \$74,000 for his autograph. "I like to go over there and walk around. There's something about a ball park when there's nobody there. Really peaceful. You know, maybe that's what it was—maybe that's why I didn't cut it—the competitiveness."

In Daly City, Principal Glenn South of Westmoor High, who had coached Cereghino at Jefferson,

strolled out for a haircut. He was asked, "Whatever happened to Ed Cereghino? How come he never made it?" It wasn't a question he could answer offhand in the barbershop.

But South thought about it, and sometimes the Farmhand himself dropped in for a chat. "I want to know where I went wrong. I'd like to know some reason. There has to be a reason. I like baseball. I've thought of this and thought of that, I've heard this and that. It doesn't seem right that a kid can get that kind of money for producing nothing. Still, it wasn't money that made me complacent. I've heard that before, but I'm



AS MAJOR LEAGUE PROSPECT in 1951, Ed Cereghino is surrounded by baseball scouts. From left: Doc Bennett, White

close enough to myself to know better. I worked harder and harder. I tried. Maybe trying isn't enough."

By winter's end he had made at least one decision: when his contract came from the Yankees he didn't send it back.

His future decided, his past was still unclarified. Why had he failed?

Every Sunday, with his mother, he attended 6:30 Mass at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He busied himself around the house. He spent a week with *Doctor Zhivago*. His wife Janet was pregnant with their fourth child. His father, who is vice-president of the Pacific Pump and Supply Company, installed new bookcases in Ed's house, "clear to the ceiling," while the Farmhand and his mother now and then amused themselves with *Pickwick Papers* on the telephone.

In an essay for a class at San Francisco State College, Cereghino (say chair-a-gre-no) was writing: "If man persists in his competitive patterns which serve at present to enhance only his materialistic cravings, he is surely leading to a very lasting destruction. He can remedy this situa-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Novelist Mark Harris, who wrote *You Can't Scout Desire*, teaches English at San Francisco State College, where Ed Cereghino is a student. Last summer he reported on Fieber Harayana, the Japanese-American who is transforming baseball in Japan. Harris has written three baseball novels, one of which, *Bring the Drums Slowly*, is on its way to becoming a classic of the game.



Sox; Mickey Shuler, S. F. Seals; Don McShane, Phillies; Eddie Montague, Giants; Branch Rickey Jr., Pirates; Charley Wallgren, Red Sox; Cereghino, then the pitching sensation of the

Pomona Tile Co., and his father, Hells Thurston, White Sox; Harry Jenkins and Bill Marshall, Braves; Bob Fontaine, Pirates; Bernie deViveiros, Tigers; and Bill Anderson, Indians.

tion by calling forth a constructive competition, a new competitive feeling to be applied to the betterment of mankind."

His own materialistic cravings had led him into the error—he now felt—of possessing an Oldsmobile, so he bought a 1941 Plymouth. It was the car he had owned before he owned the \$74,000. Maybe it would revive the memories. There had to be a reason. He tried to walk it out, to talk it out, to write it out.

The winter baseball news was full of hints of competitive patterns—hiring, firing, deal and swap. In San Francisco the Giants were preparing to abandon Seals Stadium, where the Farmhand had played his first game of professional baseball. Lefty O'Doul, who was the Farmhand's first manager, and Charlie Silvers, who was his last, were competing in the DiMaggio Invitational at nearby Lake Merced. Dominic DiMaggio, in town for the event, announced that the American League was "stagnating." Branch Rickey, arriving for a visit with his daughter in Los Altos, said the minor leagues, too, were stagnating, and blamed it on the "incredible

stupidity" of the majors. In the East, Joe Cronin, who had struggled upward from San Francisco sandlots (he was tapped for the big leagues by Scout Joe Devine, who also signed Cereghino), became president of the American League, and Casey Stengel was saying that Mickey Mantle could earn \$125,000 if only he'd straighten up and fly right. Yankee farmhands at the Richmond affiliate were threatening to strike for pensions, but the Yankee front office appeared unworried. Said one Yankee executive, "They'll all be hungry in March."

The Farmhand wrote: "I enjoy reading a well-written essay I like to sit in my study, shut away from the toils of the world. . . ."

And maybe it was his mother whose answer came closest. "There's an Irish expression," says Eddie's mother (she was a Quillman), "where we say of somebody that he's got the wee bean in his tail. Somebody that wants to haul the whole shebeoodle somewhere else, somebody that can't stay put, always moving, always traveling, then you've got the wee bean in your tail. That's what it meant in our house."

In baseball the nearest equivalent is "desire," the relentless will to succeed and to win from baseball the rewards the game can bring. The word is commonly employed by baseball scouts, but although they can name it they have never been able to scout it. Hollis Thurston, who bid for Cereghino on behalf of the White Sox in 1951, has said: "Eighty percent of it is desire. You can't scout that." It cannot be weighed or measured or computed or entered into columns of statistics. Desire is invisible, the wee bean that may have been there, or may not, or maybe was there and went away.

WHEN Bonus Baby Cereghino was 17 he was nothing but desire. When the New York Yankees passed \$74,000 into his hand they bought a 200-pound right-handed pitcher whose control was good, who could field his position ably—though he was no "cat"—who was diligent in backing up the bases and who was also reasonably effective at bat. In the language of the craft, he was "sneaky fast," which is to say that

continued

his fast ball was deceptive, as opposed to overpowering: he depended for effectiveness more upon the motion with which he threw than upon the actual speed of the ball.

He was the last prospect to be signed by Joe Devine, who died soon thereafter. Devine, perhaps the game's most renowned scout, had been prohibited by baseball law from talking terms with high school athletes, but nothing had prevented Devine, a San Franciscan, from forming a warm friendship with the Cereghino family and observing Eddie at the legal distance. The boy appeared to have his heart set upon a career in baseball. He played ball all day on the school grounds at Jefferson High, half a block from the Cereghino residence (sometimes between innings he came running home for lunch), his personal habits were admirable, his family life was serene and his record of performance was infinitely encouraging: in 158 high school and sandlot

games he had pitched seven no-hitters. His over-all ERA was a phenomenal 0.080. Once, in a single game, he struck out 22, once 21, and three times he struck out 20. In his final year at Jefferson High he won 13 games, lost two.

Beginning in Eddie's sophomore year the scouts had been gathering together in the grandstand at Jefferson High. When graduation day came and Eddie was legal, they gathered together on his doorstep. Branch Rickey Jr. was there for the Pirates, Hollis Thurston for the White Sox. The Red Sox and the Phillies were there, the Tigers and the Indians, the Braves (then of Boston) and the Giants (then of New York. "Listen to their offers," Joe Devine advised the Cereghinos, "then phone me."

On June 8, 1951, six days before graduation, Eddie had pitched and won a high school all-star game at Seals Stadium. He also hit a home run. Voted the game's outstanding participant, he was awarded a free

trip to the World Series, and the price of his signature was said to be \$100,000. The scouts scoffed. Even so, when Eddie pitched a week later at Funston Field—in the DiMaggio neighborhood—the scouts were there. Playing for the Pomona Tile Company, he set down Johnny's Billiards 7-1, struck out 22 and gave up only one hit. His price was now said to be \$200,000. "Now look," said the scouts, "the lights weren't so good out there, you're not overpowering fast, you're only sneaky fast, you're no cat, the high school competition you played against wasn't the best, your legs are heavy and you're vibrating with baby fat." They retreated to obscure corners of the city.

The Bonus Baby had learned something about competitive patterns. With his dad, he also retreated, emerging after three days of seclusion at the summer home of relatives to discover that the offers now were firm. After he had heard them he telephoned Joe Devine, and Joe topped the best.

Bonus Baby Cereghino said, "Being a Yankee? That's the best deal of all."

"I'd advise against a Cadillac," said Joe Devine, who thought it was *worse* to be rich and un-Yankee, and the Bonus Baby traded off his 1941 Plymouth for an Oldsmobile 88. "What would you say," asked Devine, "if instead of starting out somewhere down in C ball you were to start right here with the Seals?"

"I'd say I'll give it a try," the Bonus Baby said.

THE proposal appealed equally to the treasurer of the San Francisco Seals, for when Cereghino showed up for the ball game on Sunday, July 1, more than 12,000 fans were there. It was the season's largest crowd (the Seals were in the cellar). His dad and his mother and his girl Janet were there. Everybody he had ever known was there. He kissed his mother at the rail beside the dugout, and he took the mound. The enemy was San Diego, and when Eddie pitched his pants they called from the bench, "Attaboy, Mr. Brinks, hike up them moneybelts." One out away from victory, he lost. He drank root beer in the clubhouse afterward. Manager Lefty O'Doul sent him to MacIntosh for a \$155 suit of big league clothes.

Next Sunday the crowd was 14,000, and the Bonus Baby, pitching the distance, snapped Seattle's win-

WHERE ARE THE BONUS BABIES NOW?

How some of baseball's "\$50,000 or over" bonus players have fared in the last decade is indicated in this chart.

AMOUNT (ESTIMATE)	PLAYER	SIGNED BY	YEAR	WHERE NOW
\$125,000	Billy Joe Davidson	Cleveland	1952	Out of baseball
\$110,000	Dave Nicholson	Baltimore	1956	Class C
\$100,000	Bob Taylor	Milwaukee	1957	Double-A
\$100,000	Frank Baumann	Boston	1952	Boston
\$100,000	Paul Pettit	Pittsburgh	1950	Triple-A
\$100,000	Ted Kazanski	Philadelphia	1950	Triple-A
\$100,000	John DeMerit	Milwaukee	1957	Double-A
\$100,000	Tony Cloninger	Milwaukee	1958	Class B
\$100,000	Dennis Menke	Milwaukee	1956	Class B
\$100,000	Jim Maloney	Cincinnati	1959	Class B
\$100,000	Frank Howard	Los Angeles	1958	Double-A
\$ 85,000	Jerry Zimmerman	Boston	1952	Triple-A
\$ 75,000	Frank House	Detroit	1950	Kansas City
\$ 75,000	Joey Amalfitano	San Francisco	1954	Triple-A
\$ 75,000	Dick Ellsworth	Chicago Cubs	1958	Triple-A
\$ 75,000	Earl Robinson	Los Angeles	1958	Triple-A
\$ 67,000	Gerald Ross	Los Angeles	1958	Class D
\$ 65,000	Curt Simmons	Philadelphia	1947	Philadelphia
\$ 65,000	Jay Hook	Cincinnati	1957	Triple-A
\$ 60,000	Paul Giel	San Francisco	1954	Pittsburgh
\$ 60,000	Bob Miller	Detroit	1953	Double-A
\$ 60,000	Gus Kerzanos	Chicago W. Sox	1950	Out of baseball
\$ 60,000	Frank Quinn	Boston	1948	Out of baseball
\$ 60,000	Herb Score	Cleveland	1952	Cleveland
\$ 60,000	Johnny Antonelli	San Francisco	1949	San Francisco
\$ 60,000	J. W. Porter	Chicago W. Sox	1950	Washington
\$ 60,000	Andy Carey	New York	1951	New York
\$ 60,000	Toshie Gilbert	San Francisco	1950	Double-A
\$ 60,000	Billy Condo	Boston	1952	Boston



THE \$74,000 MOMENT came on June 23, 1951, and was commemorated by this photograph. Standing are Ed's mother, father and Yankee Scout Joe Devine. Seated are Janet Schreiber, who is now Mrs. Ed Cereghino, and the bonus baby himself, then 17.



BONUS BABY AT WORK. Ed Cereghino is shown in his uniform for his first job as a pitcher for the San Francisco Seals.

ning streak at nine. By August he was a regular starter, and when the season ended on September 9 he owned a very decent won-lost record of 4-6 with a club which finished in last place, 25 games from the top. Lefty O'Doul was fired.

In his new green Oldsmobile 88, Bonus Baby Cereghino rolled on down to Los Angeles, where he distributed \$500 in two weeks, part of it in winning and dining a girl named Christine Reed, whose photograph he had admired on the cover of the August issue of the *Ladies Home Journal*. He installed the name Chris in chrome on the side of his Oldsmobile. In a postcard from Catalina Island to his friend Malton Tromborg, Cereghino described the ease of life in southern California. Tromborg, whose desire it was to become a journalist, caused an item to appear in the public prints to the effect that Cereghino's four-year romance with Janet had now "faded into obscurity."

Later in the month he left by Western Pacific for his free trip to the World Series. He had never been out of California. In New York he was housed at the Biltmore, bought a \$65 set of electric trains and saw Bobby Thomson hit his historic home run. He was a guest in the Yankee clubhouse. At the Series, when Lefty O'Doul asked him if he'd care to tour

Japan, he said he would. Yankee Physician Sidney Gaynor pumped his arms full of overseas shots, and he was soon aboard Pan American, Orient-bound. His traveling companions, in addition to O'Doul, included such hitherto remote and mythical heroes of the Western world as Joe and Dominic DiMaggio, Eddie Lopat, Billy Martin, Ferris Fain and Mel Parnell. In Tokyo, General and Mrs. Ridgway requested the pleasure of Eddie's company for cocktails at the Embassy, and he bought silk, lamps, cedarwood, chinaware, more electric trains and cigarette lighters that never lit. Anyhow, he didn't smoke. There were lots of pretty girls on the Ginza, and his fellow players dubbed him "Ginzateer." Lefty O'Doul donated 100,000 yen to a private school for mentally retarded children.

Thus, within five months of his high school graduation, he had become rich, he had traveled internationally, and he had seen heroes in their underwear. To a quick-witted boy it may have seemed that he had seen enough, even so soon, of cash and fame. At any rate, when he returned to San Francisco he removed Chris from the side of his automobile, "touched it up" and bought a diamond ring for Janet. The bulk of his fortune he invested in non-speculative stock: "Widows' and orphans' stock," he calls it, and he still has it.

How soon would he be a Yankee? "There's no man alive," Devine had once remarked, "who can say just how any player is going to develop. Who can tell how Cereghino's legs are going to be or what he'll grow into? Not me, and I just paid out a lot of the New York Yankees' money to sign him. I'm taking a gamble, that's all. Some of these guys will tell you they can see whether the pitcher shows the seam of a ball on his curve at night. At night I can't even see the pitcher's glove, much less the ball he's holding. There's nobody that sharp."

THIS record books reveal that on the following July 12, with a seven-hit victory over the Columbus Redbirds, Bonus Baby Cereghino won his 10th consecutive game for the Kansas City Blues, a Yankee farm. But throughout the rest of the season he did not win another—he lost eight. Back in 1953 for another try in Triple-A he had won two and lost four by June, when he was shipped down to the Binghamton Triplets in the Class A Eastern League. An 11-3 record here earned him, in 1954, a new Triple-A test. At Kansas City again, he defeated the heat, which had troubled him, and the mosquitoes ("If you didn't keep moving they'd carry you off"),

continued

but he couldn't defeat rival clubs more often than they defeated him—he was 11-14 on the season. "Then they started moving me around from club to club. I can't blame the Yankee organization, I was the productive factor but I wasn't producing. It was a bad sign for a fellow. It was becoming nothing but picking up and running, my trunk was always packed, I told myself Always Be Prepared." By midseason 1955 he had won two games and lost five in relief for Sacramento. He was sent to Toronto. "By the time I got up there, Toronto didn't need a pitcher." He was assigned to Denver, where in the season's final month he appeared in four games, pitched three innings, struck one man out, walked nobody and neither won nor lost. In 1956 at Richmond his ERA was 4.39 (three won, nine lost). In 1957 he pitched a total of only seven innings. Last year, in Double-A baseball at New Orleans, he won nine games. He lost 16.

Then if it wasn't heat and it wasn't mosquitoes, what was it? Desire?

It wasn't that he didn't develop. Catcher Roy Partee, who played at Kansas City, recalls that Coreghino developed "a real good curve ball" to go with his sneaky fast. But he couldn't win with it. "He worked hard," says Partee. "He was out there running every night."

There was talk, when he won 10 straight in 1952, of his going up to the big show, but although the call never came he worked spiritedly ahead. It was never charged against the Farmhand that he dogged it, that he didn't hustle, that he wouldn't listen or that he couldn't learn.

Nobody ever said he lacked "tools." "What impressed me," Devine had said after Funston Field, "was his coolness. There were 3,000 people watching him, and more than a dozen scouts. That could have flustered a lot of kids. Poise. He's big. That's good, too. He has fine control for a youngster, a fine type of boy, goes to church, has a good disposition. Those things are what want to make you gameable."

Nobody ever said he lacked "attitude." "All ears and eyes," said Lefty O'Doul after Seals Stadium, "Quick on the uptake. He watches the game. He doesn't stand with his hands on his hips. He's not too dignified to stoop for a hunt. He calls me 'Mr. O'Doul,' though he doesn't bow and

scrape. They tell me he rated A's and B's on his report card, and I can believe it. He doesn't roll his eyes in space."

He listened to O'Doul, to Partee and Mickey Owen at Kansas City, to the late Phil Page at Birmingham, to Eddie Lopat at Richmond, Ralph Houk at Denver, and Yankee tutors in Florida for seven springs.

Last summer, at New Orleans, he shared an apartment with Walt Kellner (brother of the Cardinals' Alex). Kellner cooked, Coreghino washed the dishes and when they laid aside their aprons Coreghino read aloud—"hour on hour at night"—from *A History of Civilization* (Brinton, Christopher and Wolff, Volume Two). "Then we'd discuss it, and Walt would ask me things, piercing questions I couldn't answer. I hate like hell when people ask me questions I can't answer." Toward the end of answering some of their own questions they planned to erect a chart on their wall, an outline of the major causes and battles of World War I. "Walt was going to take the battles, I was going to take the causes. He didn't care too much for the causes."

Unfortunately, before the project was far advanced, Kellner was shipped to the Texas League. Manager Charlie Silveira quit. And Ed Coreghino, his mind turning upon causes, returned to San Francisco and to his winter of review.

He remembered—now that he set about to stir up the memories—that as early as 1953, before he was 20 and before he had yet really had a bad year, he found himself carrying books with his gear. In that year it was Burns's *Western Civilizations*, a thousand-page volume which he intended to outline, although precisely why he thought it needed it he cannot tell. He had bought it in the bookshop of San Francisco State College, but why he had been on campus he cannot tell. "I went up there for no reason at all. I walked through the halls and wound up in the bookstore, and I bought it and took it with me. It was the unreviewed edition." In June, in Kansas City, in an examination proctored by a high school principal, he won entrance to San Francisco State. A few days later he was farmed to Birmingham, helped to pitch the Triplets into the playoffs, and as a



STUDENT COREGHINO DINES AT HIS MODERN SAN FRANCISCO HOME WITH HIS WIFE.

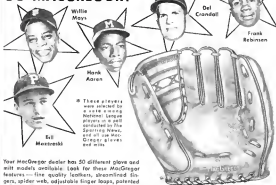
result was two weeks late for the beginning of the autumn semester.

"I didn't know where to start. I didn't even have a program planning sheet. Everything was jammed. I wasn't going to go to college if it was going to be this much trouble." Aware that an entering freshman was required to complete Biology I (Human Biology and Health), the Farmhand wandered into a classroom conducted by Professor Jack Hensill, who found him an empty seat. "I popped into it. I believe to this day that if it hadn't been for Dr. Hensill I wouldn't have stayed."

After that first session, Professor Hensill, by telephone, found other empty seats for Cereghino—in English 6.1; in Personal, Social, and Occupational Development ("a one-year introductory course dealing with basic concepts of psychology and stressing their applications to life problems and to occupations"); and in Culture and Society ("dealing primarily with functional and historical aspects of man as a social being"). Student Cereghino received three grades of B and one C.

continued

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JANET; LINDA; 6; EDDIE; 2; AND DIANE; 3

Of more significance than his grades, one of his first classroom exercises reveals his unconscious attempt, in writing, to locate his truest desire. In a story entitled *The Case of Tommy Burns* he created a boy engaged in a quest for suitable labor. Tommy, who attended church regularly, decided he would be a priest in spite of all opposition. "He packed his belongings and departed. Within six months Tom was granted an entrance expense from the order of his choice. To summarize, I would like to say that Tom was a very lucky boy. Many boys in the same situation would have turned to a life of crime. Tom had the determination and has now realized his dreams. I know that if my children have a strong desire to enter a certain vocation I will be one to encourage them." For this first excursion into fiction, Student Cereghino won from Professor Sinclair Kerby-Miller, an Oxford scholar, a grade of B minus.

Every spring he went away to play baseball, and every autumn he returned to college. He had always been diligent. "When Eddie was a boy," his father remembers, "he studied by the hour. One time a teacher said something concerning his lack of penmanship, and he came home and went in that room and he didn't come out until his penmanship was perfect. After that, if there was anything the teacher wanted moved on the blackboard it was Eddie's job to write it up."

"Normally," says Principal South, stirring up the memories, "I wouldn't have expected a boy so wrapped up in baseball to have been so wrapped up in his studies. I also had Don Mossi at Jefferson. I never would have believed Don could make it in baseball, but Don made it and Eddie didn't. You never know what's inside a boy's head."

San Francisco State College, a thriving, tax-supported "streetcar college" pleasantly situated a long throw from the ocean beach, has a student population of about 11,000 and a tuition of \$44 a year. Its 60-year life has been distinguished by pioneer work in teacher education, while in the past decade it has earned a national name for audacious work in the arts. Its football coach is paid a professor's wage.

At first Cereghino felt himself to be an outsider. Since he attended classes only in half-year swoops he



AS AN ACADEMIC PROSPECT this spring, Eddie Cereghino is surrounded by professors on the San Francisco State College campus. In the group, from left: Professors Sinclair Kerby-Miller, Eleanor McCain, Frank Fenton and Frank Dollard; Cereghino; and Professors Louis Wasserman, Leo Cagan, Ruth Will-Diamant and John Hensell

was continually falling behind his friends. He was older than most students and richer than most professors. All through his teens he had been led to believe that his future lay in baseball, and as a consequence it was difficult for him to visualize himself in the role of student. But the process of discovery sustained him. When, for example, The Poetry Center sponsored a reading by Marianne Moore, Cereghino recorded his own relationship to the occasion in an essay entitled *An Hour Well Spent*: "Notwithstanding the inefficiency of the microphone, Marianne Moore's reading was positively exhilarating. . . . I had never attended a poetry reading, for I thought these recitals were for other people. A fellow student told me, 'You do not want to read her poems, for they are too difficult to fathom.' Nothing could be farther from the truth." And when she read her *Housetop Poem for Messrs. Aldon and Reece* he praised the eloquence with which a mere lady poet spoke to his own condition: she revealed in her lines, he wrote, "an understanding of the tortures

and anxieties . . . of the ballplayer."

The college traditionally has placed a heavy emphasis upon close working relationships between student and teacher. Professor Hensell's hospitality was actually routine enough. "I was there, so I helped the guy. Everybody does this sort of thing for a lot of kids. In Eddie's case it was nothing special. If he thinks it was, it's only because he happened to respond to my particular brand of malarkey."

Student Cereghino was reluctant, in the beginning, to raise his voice in class, although at home, in his study, with his tobacco in his mouth, he was fluent in a manner somewhat at variance with his appearance. To Professor Leo Cagan, onetime research scholar at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Cereghino "seemed to me at first like a C or C-plus student. In the seventh week of the course he turned in a paper that was so advanced I told him I couldn't believe an undergraduate had written it. He was more hurt than indignant. But his later work was so good that by the end

of the semester I had no doubt that paper was his."

As time passed, his confidence increased. Professor Eleanor McCann, his instructor in English last fall, describes him as "a leader in the class. He has a lot to offer. He's a philosophical person, and he's an exceptionally nice person." And she characterizes him with the very words of Joe Devine. "Cereghino," she says, "has poise."

"Right about now," says Student Cereghino, "I've got the same confidence I used to feel playing ball. I always look forward to going to school, the way I used to look forward to going to the park." On February 9, when State's spring semester began, Cereghino was enrolled. He had attended six previous semesters, but never before in the spring.

THE case of Ed Cereghino—The Case of Tommy Baron—of course underscores a general problem facing the baseball industry. If the industry cannot scout desire, it must learn to do its scouting in terms of the impact of an era whose young men are free to select between the perils of a baseball career and the relative security of higher education. Baseball, at best, was always a risk, a dream, a gamble for glory, but the risk has proportionately enlarged. College is not only an economic necessity, but it is a force which often subdues the kind of desire baseball demands.

When Ed Cereghino found himself pursuing required academic units in Introduction to Geography (planetary geography, "maps and earth measurements") it may have begun to appear to him less and less urgent to win at baseball by rocketing a rocklike object at another man's head. Men, values and horizons are becoming increasingly familiar to sons whose fathers never measured the earth. Last fall, for Professor McCann, Cereghino wrote: "One experiences a certain . . . exciting feeling while browsing through a library. It is a delight . . . to wade back through the ages into societies which differed so much from our present one."

Joe DiMaggio was the child of immigrants. Ed Cereghino was not. Lefty O'Doul is a restaurateur. Ed Cereghino thinks he would like to teach school. The late Tony Lazzeri, when San Francisco friends visited him in New York, flung open his

continued



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BONUS BABY continued

closet door and exulted: "How many people you know owns this many suits!" But Cereghino's desire, a quarter of a century later, has become something else. "I want to live on a flat street with a view, and I don't want my kids running to me with questions I can't answer. I don't want to knock the world over. I don't want to fight the guy next door. I used to think an Oldsmobile was what you needed to show people something, but maybe all it shows is you're a damn fool working 16 hours a day to pay it off."

IF Ed Cereghino had never received his bonus he probably would have arrived at his decisive moment two winters earlier. Out of a sense of obligation to the New York Yankees organization, he lingered. But his quitting, at whatever point, strikes a note both sad and prophetic: he is 25 and he likes to play baseball, and there is no place to play.

As matters stand, when a man's desire falls short of passion there is no roster to accommodate him, for it is one of baseball's assumptions that the smaller cities of the nation can usefully exist only as way stations to the big time. And yet it is reasonably clear that the poverty of the minors has paralleled their absolute conquest by the farm system. A local public has numbly learned to resist baseball games conducted in an atmosphere increasingly barren of continuity from one impersonal season to the next. Can baseball, like some disembodied monster, survive only at the top?

The result is not simply the withering of local baseball, but a forecast of the death of the game itself. If there is to be a great poetry, said Whitman, there must be great audiences, too. Why not, then, the aggressive encouragement of a midsummer season? The fans of smaller cities, where baseball wanes, may happily cultivate enthusiasms for familiar returning faces, for college boys encouraged by local applause to play well—and who will do so in spite of B's and C's on their big league report cards. Fans have never bought tickets so much to see skill as personality, and they will form affections for ball-players who, like Student Cereghino, drive Plymouths without shame—even for players who, if they do not become so rich as Mickey Mantle, at least weren't hungry in March. **END**

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"AFTER THE WARUP," groom covers horse in this oil by Katherine Grace.

*Art in
Harness*

TO CELEBRATE the rise of harness racing from the folksy intimacy of country fairs to its present status as a year-round national pastime, officers of Chicago's Maywood Park Trotting Assn. each year sponsor a competition for artists, harnessing, so to speak, art to trotting. Here are some of the best entries of past years, a few of which hang permanently in Maywood's clubhouse collection.



"HURRY GO ROUND," Walter Parke termed his painting of horses in the homestretch.

CONTINUED



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ART IN HARNESS



WIDE-ANGLED view intrigued Art's. Photo Moore in work sold to media.



"THE BLACKSMITH," a watercolor also by Miss Moore, won the "also ran" award.



WIRE SCULPTURE by Nancy Frederick is now owned by Martin King of Chicago.

"BULKY," by Charles Wood, 1957 winner, is in the Maywood permanent collection.

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19TH HOLE The readers take over

TRACK: ON TOP OF MT. SAC

Sirs:

There are many track buffs here on the West Coast who take issue with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that the "core of U.S. strength lies in the heart of the country" (*High Hopes on High Hopes*, SI, May 4) meaning the Midwest and Southwest. Track buffs hereabouts, a fanatic element, point to the Drake and Penn relay performances with disdain, feeling that West Coast athletes whipped them both in nine events held at the Mt. San Antonio Relays, and that's even giving them the benefit of the doubt in the wind-blown 94 hundred.

For the record, marks at Mt. SAC were superior to Drake and Penn in the broad jump, 25 feet 6½ inches by Joel Wiley of Los Angeles State; in the two-mile relay by USC in 1:31.8; in the discus throw of 139 feet 4 inches by Rink Bakka, formerly of USC, now of the Striders, in the hop, step and jump at 59 feet by Herman Stokes of the Striders, in the 440-yard relay by San Jose State in 40.4, anchored by Ray Norton; in the shotgun at 61 feet 10½ inches by Dallas Lane of USC; in the one-mile run by Bill Dellinger, formerly of Oregon, now in the Air Force at Osan, Calif., in 8:48.2, which is a new American citizen's record; in the high jump at 6 feet 9½ inches by Charlie Dumas of USC; and in the distance medley at 9:55.5 by USC.

Drake was superior in the high hurdles, 13.7 by Hayes Jones; in the pole vault at 15 feet 1½ inch by Jim Graham; the mile relay in 3:11.3 by Texas; in the 800 relay by Texas in 1:23.9; in the javelin at 243 feet 5 inches by Bill Alley; and in the 100 in 9.4 by Ira Murchison. The latter was wind-blown, and if you discount it then Norton (Mt. SAC) and Bill Woodhouse (Penn) tied in 9.5.

Prestige may rest at Drake and Penn, but performance honors must go to the Mt. San Antonio relays, making their debut in adverse weather—cold on Friday night and rain on Saturday.

Furthermore, we claim that the Far West, specifically California, will put more men on the U.S. team for the Russian meet and with more top marks than the rest of the nation combined.

JACK TORAN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

When are the editors and writers of your publication going to get their heads out of the muck of the East River long enough to take a look at the records?

If the Midwest is so hot in track and field how is it that the winning marks in nine out of 15 events at the Mt. San Antonio Relays were superior to the Drake Relays?

Farther, at least three winning marks at the Drake Relays were posted by West

Coast performers. There is no doubt that the Drake and Penn meets are fine events. There is no doubt that there are many wonderful athletes in the Midwest and Southwest. But I doubt that the "bulk of the U.S. national team . . . will come from the Midwest and Southwest."

W. L. MELENTIN

La Canada, Calif.

Let all doubters turn to page 61.
—ED.

BASEBALL: WHERE'S THE PITCHER?

Sirs:

The article about the shortage of top-line pitchers, and their sore arms was interesting (*The Aching, Aching Arms*, SI, May 4). However, one thing of importance was not mentioned. This is the fact that under the present over-all organization of baseball it is impossible for the situation to improve.

The professional league teams play every day, and about one out of every three players is a pitcher. These teams get all their players from colleges, high schools, Ban Johnson, American Legion, and probably originally from the Little League. One characteristic common to all these amateur teams is the fact that they play only one or two games per week. Therefore, they only need two or three pitchers for a team of 25 or so, a ratio of one in 10! Prospective Little League hurlers are even discouraged and forced to play other positions, or not play at all.

How then can professional teams find pitchers who simply do not exist?

One remedy for the situation would be for all the amateur leagues to make a rule that no pitcher can work more than three innings or so. This would force the managers to allow more boys to pitch. Some of them are bound to develop into major league prospects.

EARL J. ROGERS

Cambridge, Mass.

THE SPORTS PAGE (CONT.)

Sirs:

Mr. Fred Russell makes a spirited and forceful argument for sports reporters in his article *An Expert Defends the Sports Page* (SI, May 4).

He is in error, however, in saying that the "main allegations" made by managing editors who replied to a questionnaire circulated by the sports committee of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association included charges of:

1) "Surface writing and acceptance of publicity releases, rather than digging for stories."

2) "General deterioration of sports-writing."

As the bulletin of the sports committee reporting results of this questionnaire

continued



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made clear, these two charges were made only in individual comments by some of the managing editors, and a selection from such comment was appended to the bulletin. No questions were asked covering these two points. To suggest that a majority, or even a substantial minority, of the managing editors, polled made such charges is inaccurate. I have written Mr. Russell telling him this.

I find it difficult, too, to follow Mr. Russell's argument that the sports committee's report was a disservice to newspaper sports-writing because the newspaper editors participating in the poll were not named.

As the report stated, 100 managing editors were polled. Of these, 76 replied, representing newspapers having a total circulation of about 17,750,000 per day, or an average of about 237,000 per paper. In an effort to assure complete candor in replies, anonymity was promised. I fail to see in what way individual anonymity reflects upon the attempt of the managing editors to appraise an important portion of their newspapers' sports pages with a view to continuing to improve the reporting done on those pages.

WILLIAM B. DICKINSON

Philadelphia

• Mr. Dickinson is the managing editor of the Philadelphia Bulletin and chairman of the sports committee of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association described in his letter — ED.

GOLF: UNKINDEST CUT

Sirs:

Herbert Warren Wind's descriptions of the Masters tournament, Art Wall, the course in general and the type of play was most enjoyable (81, April 20). But right in the middle of the winner's last round he brought out that much overlooked argument: the Masters cut.

The 36-hole cut has been a topic of discussion, it seems, any time the Augusta National is mentioned. Mr. Wind, I am led to believe by his article, is in agreement with many of the oldtimers of the foreways' erudit that the Masters cut is senseless.

He indicated that many of the older pros, who are dropped from the final 36-hole field would be drawing large galleries. He added that television time would be just as accurate with the entire field continuing the 72-hole tourney, although starting times would be earlier for the higher-shooting golfers. Certainly Mr. Wind must agree that more people would attend a match between the golfers in competition for the green jacket, starting at one in the afternoon, than a match between a twosome who are entirely out of the running that would begin at 8 in the morning or earlier.

In fact, your magazine tends to contradict his thoughts, by showing a picture of Art Wall, who was then thought not to be in contention, playing in the early rounds. "virtually unwatched."

RONNIE MCCLILLANS

Auburn, Ala.

A POLO-LOVING TOWN

Sirs:

What elation! At last, polo at Cornell and, more particularly, Doc and E.J. Roberts have been given well-deserved recognition (PAT ON THE BACK, May 4). Our only disappointment is that more wasn't said in praise.

Because of Doc Roberts' more than any other single person, Ithaca has become a polo-loving town. Businessmen have formed a polo league, and interfraternity broomstick polo is played (hilariously) as between-chukker entertainment at varsity games.

Interest in polo doesn't wane when players leave the area. Many graduates make yearly trips back to take a crack at the varsity.

Cornell's present fine varsity polo team of related countrymen from Hawaii, who have played polo since kids, is an exception. Many top players past and present never swing a mallet until they came out for polo under Doc Roberts' tutelage.

ED AND ELISE PETERSON

Geneva, N.Y.

**THERE'S ALWAYS AN IRISH SIDE
TO ANY STORY**

Sirs:

It was good to see Willie Shoemaker making the winner's enclosure again on the Kentucky Derby winner.

There is an Irish side to the story of this year's winner, as it was Irish bloodstock expert Bertie Kerr who bought Tommy Lee as a foal for Fred Turner. Bertie had been commissioned to buy a certain foal. He saw another foal he liked and got the O.K. from Fred Turner to buy him, and so a future Kentucky Derby winner crossed the Atlantic.

Tudor Minstrel, the sire of Tommy Lee, is English-bred and raced in England in 1946 and 1947. He raced four times and over five furlongs as a 2-year-old, starting odd-on on each occasion, with Gordon Richards up. He won all four races by a margin of four lengths or more. There was much speculation as to whether Tudor Minstrel would stay the Derby distance. He won the Two Thousand Guineas (first of the season's classics) in 1947 by eight lengths in a common center and as a result started at odd-on for the Derby. Many of us thought that surely this was going to be Gordon's first Derby winner. He couldn't be beaten.

One Indian arrived at Kpsom with an attaché case full of \$5 notes, and unloaded the lot. He was quoted in the press at the time as saying that he never bet but here was a gift-edged investment.

Well, he lost his money. Tudor Minstrel finished fourth to the French outsider Pearl Diver (40 to 1).

FINNABH M. SCATTERY

Avon, Ireland

FIT IN SCARSDALE

Sirs:

You may recall we wrote you two years ago when our physical fitness program was established by Miss Bonnie Prudden at Our Lady of Fatima School as a pilot study. At that time, 58% failure was found on two or more of the Kraus-Welsh tests. This result spurred a group

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A. M. Quarles, General Manager

of mothers to find the answer—which was lack of physical education in our school.

Eight mothers volunteered to be trained by Miss Prudden. A program, with the approval of Monsignor Madden, was established: a half hour of exercise for each class one day a week and two three-minute drills every day led by one of the students in the classroom.

This program has been carried on for two and a half years with sensational results. The children have shown vast improvement. Tumbling mats and wooden horses and ramps have been added.

The teaching mothers, of whom there are now 12, are physically fit and find their volunteer work very rewarding.

We feel schools which have no working facilities for a physical education program would be interested in a program similar to ours.

We keep in contact with Miss Prudden, whose joy is obvious in watching her pilot study at work. She inspires and teaches us to improve and enlarge our program.

BARBARA McLAUGHLIN
CAROL ROUTH

Scarsdale, N.Y.

ROSES TO JOE

Sirs:

I would just like to comment on Joe Gordon's statement (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, April 27). "They're not the greatest ball club I've ever seen, but they think they are."

I hope the Indians keep on thinking that way. A little self-confidence and desire can go a long way, and according to Joe Gordon the Tribe has found it. It could carry them right up close to the top, if not the top, of the American League next September.

And roses to Joe Gordon for keeping his head out of the clouds. If anyone can lead the Indians to that pennant, Joe can.

DAVID HADLEY

Harrod, Ohio

BALD-STARS (CONT.)

Sirs:

How could you possibly omit Enos Slaughter from your Bald-Star team (19TH HOLE, April 27)? He's been a member of that elite group for years!

JOHN R. BRUCH

Rochester



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Living Bebe!



BEBE AND RHETTA MOODY

'It's hilarious'

Rodeos have been introduced into the northern chill of Alaska and to the eastern skepticism of Maine, but it is in the Southwest, and especially in Texas, that rodeos are a part of everyday life. At the University of Texas they are even part of college life, and two outstanding members of Los Charros—the college riding and barbecue society—are the Moody sisters, cheerful Bebe in the striped shirt and composed Rhetta in the print. The girls have just finished their first hundred rodeos, competing successfully in their specialties of barrel rac-

ing—a high-speed, precision-riding contest—and wild-goat tying.

For the past four years Bebe and Rhetta, the daughters of a Houston lawyer, have ridden "The Salt Grass Trail," the three-day, four-night trek from Brenham to Houston that traditionally opens the Houston Fat Stock Show. Bebe will graduate first and intends to spend a year teaching in Florida, "because they have even more cattle ranches there than in Texas." Meanwhile, the girls are looking forward to another hundred rodeos—a pastime they find "just hilarious."

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